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ABSTRACT

Instructional materials provided in this second of a two-year sequence are designed to broaden and deepen the overview of Greek and Roman civilization and language developed in the initial year of study. Literary selections in the six units allow the student a comparison of themes and ideas in classical and contemporary literature. Major sections include: (1) review of seventh grade cultural language study, (2) man's quest for freedom, (3) responsibilities of leadership, (4) search for truth, (5) fallibility of man, and (6) to seek a newer world. Literary selections are drawn from a wide variety of writers including Homer, Demosthenes, Cicero, John F. Kennedy, Socrates, Tennyson, and others. The course description, philosophy, rationale, purposes, and behavioral objectives are included. The "Cultural Language Study Guide: Grade 7" is ED 044 959. (RL)

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CULTURAL LANGUAGE STUDY

GRADE 8

Jacqueline W. Tappenden

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH, EDUCATION & WELFARE
OFFICE OF EDUCATION

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CLEVELAND HEIGHTS-UNIVERSITY HEIGHTS CITY SCHOOL DISTRICT
CLEVELAND, OHIO

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL COURSE GUIDE

CULTURAL LANGUAGE STUDY

GRADE 8

The course guide in Cultural Language Study in grade 8 presented herewith is published by the Board of Education of the Cleveland Heights-University Heights City School District and is authorized for use as a teaching guide in the subject and grade designated.

The content of this guide has been approved by a committee of secondary school teachers working under the leadership of Dr. Leonard Freyman, Director of Education. The organization and writing of the material as presented is the work of Mrs. Jacqueline W. Tappenden.

Hearty appreciation is extended to Dr. Freyman, Mrs. Tappenden and all members of the committee who contributed to the preparation of this course guide.

FRANK GERHARDT
Superintendent of Schools

CLEVELAND HEIGHTS-UNIVERSITY HEIGHTS CITY SCHOOL DISTRICT
CLEVELAND, OHIO
SEPTEMBER, 1970

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FOREWORD

The eighth-grade course in Cultural Language Study is the second of a two-year sequence. It is designed to broaden and deepen the overview of Greek and Roman civilization and language contained in the seventh-grade course by providing the student with an opportunity to explore the literature of the past and to compare and contrast certain themes and ideas with those found in contemporary literature. At the same time the student will continue his study of Greek and Latin, thereby increasing his reading ability and sharpening his language skills.

The literature portion of the course is built around a concept in each unit, an idea or problem which modern man has in common with his Greek and Roman counterpart. The selections offered in the syllabus may be augmented by the teacher, or substitutions may be made at the discretion of the teacher or upon suggestions by the student. The discussion questions are presented as guidelines and departure-points. The skill of the teacher and the interest of the student will determine the direction that discussions take.

Since Cultural Language Study is in the experimental stage and frequent revisions are being made, the language portion of the eighth-grade course will be an interim guide for the 1970-71 school year. Basic Language Principles with a Latin Background will be used for the study of Latin in the first semester; the teacher will determine the beginning point on the basis of what was covered in the seventh grade. In the second semester, Quid Novi, Unit I, will be used for Latin. In both semesters the Greek Language Supplement, designed to augment the material in the seventh-grade course guide, will be used in the eighth-grade for the 1970-71 school year. It is suggested that the teacher alternate a unit of literature with units in Greek and Latin. The amount of time spent on each will be determined by the nature of the class and the assessment by the teacher of what is appropriate and necessary.

ADMINISTRATION OF THE COURSE

1. Cultural Language Study is an elective course open to all eighth-grade students who have successfully completed the seventh-grade Cultural Language Study course.

2. Cultural Language Study will meet for one class period each day (five periods per week).

3. Upon the completion of the eighth-grade course the student normally will have developed language skills that will enable him;

   a. To continue the study of Latin or Greek on the high-school level beyond the point possible for students beginning the language in the ninth grade, or

   b. To apply those skills with a high degree of success to the study of a modern foreign language, or

   c. To demonstrate greater fluency in and understanding of his own language and literature.

EVALUATION OF STUDENT PROGRESS

1. Student progress should be evaluated by the teacher periodically in terms of the behavioral objectives listed in the course guide.

2. Emphasis in testing should be placed on thought-provocative questions which will encourage the student to think deeply about the literature, to make value-judgments, and to develop some basic skills in literary criticism.

3. Language testing should be so designed that the student's ability to read and comprehend is measured, rather than his ability to generate the target languages.

BOOKS

1. Mimeographed syllabus of literature included in this course guide.

2. Greek Language Supplement developed for seventh-grade course (to be used as an interim text for 1970-71.)

3. Quid Novi (Latin reader), Unit I.

WORKBOOK

Students will continue to use the workbook Basic Language Principles with A Latin Background which they purchased for use in the seventh grade.

PHILOSOPHY

> It is for man to tame the chaos, on every side, whilst he lives, to scatter the seeds of science and of song, that climate, corn, animals, men, may be milder, and the germs of love and benefit may be multiplied.
> -Ralph Waldo Emerson

We have played the game of ideas and probed the life of the mind for over 2000 years with ever-increasing efficiency. The swiftly changing world in which man is challenged to compete and conquer trembles in delicate balance. In the race to be first with the most, we have propelled the pendulum of life with relentless force to the extremes of good and evil, and we hold the power of total destruction in our tremulous grasp. Ours is a suicide-course, a mindless march that leaves in its wake myriad battered spirits and stricken souls.

The revolution of young America, at times tragic and misdirected, seeks to stem a tide of "man's inhumanity to man" and dedicates itself to the worth of the human being and his right to self-expression and dignity among his fellow-men. It pursues an elusive system--a means whereby man may be at home in his world--and man must succeed in his pursuit or destroy himself.

The concept of the self-interest of the individual operating in accordance with the welfare of the whole and in harmony with the law and order of nature is part of our literary, artistic and political heritage from ancient Greece. The Greeks taught us that the law and order of nature is accessible to the human mind and can be demonstrated by rational law and order in government, that the beauty of nature depends upon right proportion, and that self-government is successful only when it respects the laws of harmony and proportion.

The transmission of Greek thought to the uncivilized world was the fait accompli of the Romans, and it was their unique struggle "to impose the custom of peace" by law and order, thus creating the greatest empire in the history of mankind.

We have accessible to us in immutable form two cultures wherein lie the roots of our contemporary world. An education which neglects these roots and forces the individual to live only in the compartment of the present is building a hollow shell of man and denying to man the perspective needed for purposeful, productive living.

We have before us in the literature of antiquity perhaps not all the solutions to our problems nor the magic cure for all our ills, but we do have a rich reference book in which we may find the fulfillment of our own visions of glory and the counterparts of our own mistakes--before we make them. We have an obligation to fulfill, not only to our Greek and Roman ancestors who provided us with the tools for building a great society of man, but to posterity, for our successes and failures will be our children's heritage.

RATIONALE

> The best education is the one which serves as the best foundation for a wide range of pursuits, one that gives you the most freedom for your own future.
>
> -Charles Scribner, Jr.

In the interests of providing a worthwhile educational experience for youngsters in the critical junior-high stage, we have designed a course which is dual in its nature, whose content and methodology are directed toward breaking down the artificial barrier between language and culture and bridging the gap between ancient and contemporary society. By focusing on the problems of modern man and at the same time relating those problems to analogous situations faced by ancient man, a concept of the unity of man and the universality of his challenges may be built. By a simultaneous exposure to the Latin and Greek languages, a multitude of purposes may be served, not the least of which is a wedding of expression and content, of style and substance. "Language is the house of being," and for language to be taught apart from culture is to deny the student the right to an exploration of the total man and to diminish the opportunities for total self-understanding.

The study of antiquity and the languages of ancient man is a study of our cultural and linguistic roots. Latin and Greek are not merely two areas of foreign-language study; they are vehicles which allow the student a direct and personal encounter with the significant past out of which Western civilization was born. They are the greatest benefactors of modern English and are still contributing to a vast scientific and technical vocabulary.

It is essential that reading proficiency in Greek and Latin be our ultimate aim in the language portion of the course, but translations must be considered indispensable in the initial stages, for they are a means of establishing immediate contact with the records of the past. Even the best of translations, however, convey merely the thought and approximate the form but fail to transmit that which allows us to acquire a total understanding of ancient man: the <u>way</u> in which he thought and felt. Therefore, although the familiar fringe benefits, such as vocabulary enrichment, accuracy and precision in oral and written expression, and sensitivity to grammatical and syntactical structure, will accrue from the study of Greek and Latin, the greatest reward will be derived from a rapidly developing reading facility. Language study, then, is not an end in itself but rather a necessary tool for gaining access to the literature and culture of Greece and Rome.

PURPOSES

A. Based upon the Literature:

1. To introduce the student to a stockpile of wisdom found in the writers of Greece and Rome which has significance for him in contemporary America

2. To help the student to recognize the strengths and weaknesses of ancient man and to make practical, personal application for contemporary man

3. To develop the techniques of literary criticism which will enable the student to formulate sound judgments regarding the worth of the literature he reads

4. To develop an awareness of the continuum of our culture and an appreciation of the timelessness of so much of our literary, artistic, and political heritage

B. Based upon the Language:

1. To enrich the student's vocabulary by providing him with the tools for understanding unfamiliar words and with the opportunity for using them in his daily life

2. To establish habits of precision and accuracy in oral and written expression

3. To familiarize the student with fixed structural patterns in Greek and Latin that will enable him to see beyond the unit of the word and thereby to increase his speed in reading

4. To provide the student with a basic language knowledge which will enable him to deal effectively with the Romance Languages as well as languages which have complex inflexional and syntactical structures

BEHAVIORAL OBJECTIVES

A. Based upon the Literature, the pupil will be able

1. To demonstrate familiarity with the works of selected Greek and Roman writers in the major literary genres

2. To explain the characteristics of the literature which contribute to its "classical" status

3. To compare and contrast the concepts and beliefs of the ancient writer to those of selected American writers

4. To identify cultural influences affecting the development of literary trends

5. To discern from the literature studied those ideas and expressions which have current and/or universal validity

B. Based upon the Language, the pupil will be able

1. To identify the function of Greek and Latin words in a sentence by pointing out the inflexional patterns

2. To demonstrate the ability to comprehend simple passages in Greek and Latin without resorting to formal translation

3. To define unfamiliar English words by examining their Greek or Latin roots and to use these words correctly in speaking and writing

4. To compare and contrast the structure of Latin and Greek with the structure of English

5. To describe the influence of Latin and Greek on modern foreign languages and to give specific examples of similarities in vocabulary

UNIT I

REVIEW OF SEVENTH GRADE CULTURAL LANGUAGE STUDY

A. Mythology

1. What use do we have for the huge corpus of mythological literature written by the Greeks and Romans?

2. What was the ancient Greek or Roman man's reason for devising and believing in his complex supernatural plan?

B. History

1. What historical events led to drastic changes in the Greek and Roman world? Who were some of the leading figures in Greek and Roman society?

2. What aspects of Greek knowledge and culture were passed on to the Romans? What factors led to the conquest of Greece by the Romans and the expansion of the Roman Empire? In what significant ways did the Roman differ from the Greek?

C. The Arts

1. What artistic achievements of the Greeks and the Romans were transmitted to Western Civilization?

2. How do we learn about civilizations that have gone before us?

D. Language

1. Translate these Greek words and give an English derivative for each:

a. φοβός
b. ψυχή
c. φίλος
d. δῆμος
e. γράφω

2. Translate these Latin words and give an English derivative for each:

a. terra
b. aqua
c. stella
d. dea
e. amo

3. What practical value does the study of Greek and Latin have? What do you think about the often expressed opinion that Greek and Latin are "dead" languages?

E. Conclusion

1. Make a list of the ideas that you have developed from your study of Greece and Rome.

2. Make a list of the skills that you have developed as a result of your introduction to Greek and Latin.

F. Films

1. "Our Inheritance from Historic Greece" (Kent State, A1764)

2. "Ancient Rome" (Kent State A1413)

UNIT II

MAN'S QUEST FOR FREEDOM

Film: "Quest for Freedom" (Kent State BC1168)

Throughout the ages man has struggled for individual freedom, and war has played no small role in his search. We live in an age marked by vehement protest against war and stubborn commitment to the value of human life. Our literature, art and music reflect those sentiments.

The selections in this unit reveal a sharp contrast between the ancient and the modern attitude toward war and the role of the soldier. Were the Greeks and the Romans war mongers? Are there justifiable reasons for war? Has the concept of the hero changed?

A. We have seen how war played a major role in the development of ancient civilization and therefore found its way into the literature of Greece and Rome. Examine first the concept of the Homeric hero in an extraction from The Iliad. The Trojan Hector has realized that Pallas Athena is on the side of the Greeks and that he must now face Achilles face-to-face. He makes a plea that the victor in the duel return the body of the loser to his people:

Achilles answered with a frowning face:

"Hector, I cannot forget. Talk not to me of bargains. Lions and men make no truce, wolves and lambs have no friendship--they hate each other forever. So there can be no love between you and me; and there shall be no truce for us, until one of the two shall fall and glut Ares with his blood. Call up all your manhood; now you surely need to be a spearman and a bold man of war. There is no chance of escape now; this moment Pallas Athena shall bring you low by my spear. Now in one lump sum you shall pay for all my companions, whom you have slain and I have mourned."

With the words he poised and cast his long spear. But Hector saw it coming and crouched down, so that it flew over and stuck in the earth. Pallas Athena pulled it out and gave it back to Achilles, but Hector saw nothing. Then Hector said:

"A miss! I am not dead yet as you thought, most magnificent Achilles! So there was something Zeus did not tell you about me, as it seems. You are only a rattletongue with a trick of words, trying to frighten me and make me lose heart. I am not going to run and let you pierce my back--I will charge you straight, and then you may strike me in the breast if it be God's will, but first see if you avoid my spear! I pray that you may take it all into your body! The war would be lighter for Troy if you were dead, for you are our greatest danger."

He poised his spear and cast it, and hit the shield fair in the middle; but the spear rebounded and fell away. Hector was troubled that the cast had failed; he had no second spear, and he stood discomfited. Then he shouted to Deiphobos and called for another, but no Deiphobos was there. Now Hector knew the truth, and cried out:

"All is lost! It is true then, the gods have summoned me to death. Deiphobos was by my side I thought -- but he is in the city and I have been deceived by Athena. Now then, death is near me, there can be no delay,

there is no escape. All this while such must have been the pleasure of Zeus and his son Shootafar, who have kindly protected me so far: but now fate is upon me. Yet I pray that I may die not without a blow, not inglorious. First may I do some notable thing that shall be remembered in generations to come."

With these words he drew the sword that hung by his side, sharp and strong, gathered himself and sprang, like an eagle flying high and swooping down from the clouds upon a lamb of cowering hare. Achilles moved to meet him full of fury, covering his chest with the resplendent shield while the thick golden plumes nodded upon his flashing helmet. His right hand held poised the great spear, which gleamed like the finest of all the stars of heaven, the star of evening brilliant in the dark night; he scanned Hector with ruthless heart, to see where the white flesh gave the best opening for a blow. Hector was well covered with that splendid armour which he had stript from Patroclos, but an opening showed where the collar-bones join the neck to the shoulder, the gullet, where a blow brings quickest death. There Achilles aimed, and the point went through the soft neck; but it did not cut the windpipe, and Hector could still answer his foe. He fell in the dust, and Achilles cried in triumph:

"There, Hector! You thought no doubt while you were stripping Patroclos that you would be safe; you cared nothing for me far away. Fool! There was an avenger, a stronger man than Patroclos, waiting far away! I was there behind in the camp, and I have brought you low! Now you shall be mauled by vultures and dogs, and he shall be buried by a mourning nation!"

Hector half-fainting answered:

"I beseech you by your soul and by your knees, by your father and your mother, do not leave me for dogs to mangle among your ships -- accept a ransom, my father and my mother will provide gold and treasure enough, and let them carry home my body, that my people may give me the fire, which is the rightful due of the dead."

Achilles said with an angry frowning face:

"Knee me no knees, you cur, and father me no fathers! No man living shall keep the dogs from your head -- not if they bring ransom ten times and twenty times innumerable, and weigh it out, and promise more, not if Priamos Dardanides pay your weight in gold -- not for that ransom shall your mother lay you out on the bier and mourn for the son of her womb, but carrion dogs and carrion birds shall devour you up! For what you have done to me I wish from the bottom of my heart that I could cut you to pieces and eat you raw myself!"

Hector answered him dying:

"Ah, I know you well, and I forebode what will be. I was not likely to persuade you, for your heart is made of iron. But reflect! or I may bring God's wrath upon you, on that day when Paris and Phoibos Apollo shall slay you by the Scaian Gate, although you are strong."

As he spoke, the shadow of death encompassed him; and his soul left the body and went down to Hades, bewailing his fate, bidding a last farewell to manhood and lusty strength. Hector was dead, but even so Achilles again spoke:

"Lie there dead! My fate I will accept, whenever it is the will of Zeus and all Gods to fulfill it."

He drew the spear out of the body and laid it aside. Then he stript off the armour, and the other Achaians came crowding round. How they gazed in wonder at Hector's noble form and looks! Yet no one came near without a stab; they beat him and stabbed him, saying to each other:

"Ha Ha! Hector feels very much softer now than when he burnt our ships with his blazing brands!"

Achilles, when he finished stripping the spoils, turned to the crowd, and made them a speech in his downright manner.

"My friends," he said, "princes and captains of the nation, since as you see the gods have granted me to kill this man who has done us more damage than all the rest put together, let us go round the city ready for battle, and find out what they mean to do: whether they will leave their fortress now this man is dead, or whether they will still confront us although they have no Hector. But stay, what am I thinking about! Patroclos lies beside our ship unmourned, unburied! Patroclos I can never forget so long as I live and move! And even if in the house of Hades men forget their dead, yet I will remember my dear comrade even there. Come on, my lads, let us march back to our ships singing our hymn of victory, and bring this man with us. We have won a great triumph; we have killed Hector, to whom the Trojans prayed as if he were a god!"

And then he thought of a shameful outrage. He cut behind the sinews of both Hector's feet from ankle to heel and strapt them together with leather thongs, and fastened them to his chariot leaving the head to drag. Then he laid the armour in the car, and got in himself and whipt up the horses. Away they flew: the dust rose as the body was dragged along, the dark hair spread abroad, there in the dirt trailed the head that was once so charming, which now Zeus gave to his enemies to maltreat in his own native land. And as the head was bedabbled thus in the mire, his mother tore her hair and threw away the covering veil, and wailed aloud seeing her son; his father lamented sore, the people wailed, and lamentation filled the city. Such lamentation there might have been, if all frowning Troy were smouldering in ashes.

(Translated by W. H. D. Rouse)

Discussion

1. How would you describe the actions of Achilles in this passage?

2. Is Achilles' conduct justified on the basis of his motive: revenge for the death of Patroclus?

3. Compare Hector's attitude toward death with that of Achilles.

Filmstrip: "Great Age of Warriors" (Board FS-1666)

B. War had to be waged in Latium by Aeneas, the legendary founder of the Roman race, before the Trojan wanderers could settle in Italy. Another soldier-hero is Turnus, the leader of the Latin forces that oppose Aeneas. In this passage Turnus is preparing to fight Pallas, the handsome young son of the Arcadian king Evander, who has become an ally of the Trojans. Turnus calls out,

"You can stop fighting now.
I am going alone against Pallas: he is my meat, and mine
Alone. I wish his father were here to witness the duel."
He spoke; and his comrades withdrew from the field of battle, as bidden.
But when the Rutulians moved back, young Pallas, amazed by that arrogant
Order, stood tongue-tied a moment, surveying the mighty bulk of
Turnus, and truculent, looking him up and down at a distance,
Then he hurled back these words in the teeth of that haughty prince:

"I shall soon be renowned for winning the arms of an enemy general
Or dying a glorious death: my father can take either.
To hell with your threats!"
So saying he moved out onto the field.

The blood of his Arcadians grew chill, and their hearts numb.
Leaping down from his chariot, Turnus prepares for close combat
On foot. As a lion who has espied, from some high point of
Vantage, far off on the plain a bull spoiling for battle,
He bounds forward; yes, that was what Turnus' oncoming looked like.
Pallas, as soon as he reckoned his foe was in range of a spearcast,
Was first to move, hoping that luck would side with one who dared
To take on a more powerful man, and praying thus to high heaven:

"Hercules, I implore you, by the welcome my father gave you,
The table you shared, though a stranger, help me in this great enterprise!
Let Turnus, dying, behold me strip off his bloodstained armour,
And let his closing eyes acknowledge me as his conquerer!"

Hercules heard the lad. He repressed a terrible groan
That rose from deep in his heart, gave way to hopeless tears.
Then the Father of heaven spoke these kindly words to his son:

"Every man's hour is appointed. Brief and unalterable
For all, the span of life. To enlarge his fame by great deeds
Is what the brave man must aim at. Beneath Troy's lofty battlements
Fell many sons of the gods; aye, there Sarpedon among them
Fell, who was my son. Turnus too is summoned
By his fate, and is nigh to the destined finish of his life."

So Jupiter spoke, then averted his eyes from the land of Italy.
But Pallas hurled a spear, putting all his strength behind it,
And plucked his sword, flashing, out of the hollow scabbard.
That skimming spear went home high up, where shield and armour
Protect the shoulder, and actually piercing the rim of the shield,
Just managed to graze in the end the mighty body of Turnus.
Turnus now gave himself plenty of time to poise and aim at
Pallas his steel-tipped, oaken spear; as he threw it, he shouted:

"Watch out, and see if my spear does not go deeper than his went!"

Pallas' shield, for all its layers of iron and bronze,
For all the protective layers of bull's hide that reinforced it,
Was broken through in the center by the impact of Turnus' quivering
Spearpoint, which drove on to pierce the breastplate and then the breast.
Pallas wrenched out the weapon warm from the wound: it was no good;
His blood and his life ebbed, through the same channel, at once.
Hunched over the wound, he fell, his armour clanging above him --
Fell with his bleeding mouth to the enemy soil, dying.
Turnus straddled above him and spoke:

"Remember well what I say, you Arcadians, and tell your king
I send him back his Pallas, a dead man; Evander deserved it.
What compensation there is in a tomb, what comfort in burial,
He can have. He'll find he has paid dear enough for making friends with
Aeneas."

So saying, he pressed his left foot hard on the back of
The corpse, and tore off the sword-belt, a thing of immense weight,
Engraved with a legendary crime -- that family of brothers foully
Murdered upon their wedding-night, the bed-chambers swimming in blood;
This belt was now taken by Turnus for spoils, and delighted his heart.
Ah, mind of man, so ignorant of fate, of what shall befall him,
So weak to preserve moderation when riding the crest of good fortune!
For Turnus a time is coming when he'd give anything
To have left Pallas unharmed, and will loathe this day and the spoils
It brought him. But Pallas' comrades clustered around him, laid
His corpse on a shield and bore it away, lamenting and weeping.
What grief, what pride his father would feel at his homecoming!
Today had been his baptism in war, today his end;
Still, he had left behind him a trail of Italian dead.

(Translated by C. Day Lewis)

Discussion

1. Why was Pallas at a disadvantage in the fight?

2. Jupiter explains to Hercules, who wants to help the young warrior, why Pallas is doomed. What force is greater than the power of the gods? Can a man overcome his destiny? How?

3. Turnus is doomed to die also. What significance does his act of tearing off Pallas' sword-belt have?

4. There are two famous Latin passages in this extraction. Ask your teacher to help you translate and interpret them.

   a. stat sua cuique dies; breve et inreparabile tempus
   omnibus est vitae; sed famam extendere factis,
   hoc virtutis opus.

   b. nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futurae,
   et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis!

C. As the Greek man began to think about himself as a part of a community and his relationship with his fellow-man, the concept of the hero took on an added dimension. Look for this change in the poetry of Callinus of 7th Century Greece:

How long will you lie idle, and when will you find some courage,
you young men? Have you no shame of what other cities will say,
you who hang back? You think you can sit quiet in peacetime.
This is not peace, it is war which has engulfed our land.

A man, as he dies, should make one last throw with his spear.
It is a high thing, a bright honor, for a man to do battle
with the enemy for the sake of his children, and for his land
and his true wife; and death is a thing that will come when the spinning

Destinies make it come. So a man should go straight on
forward, spear held high, and under his shield the fighting
strength coiled ready to strike in the first shock of the charge.
When it is ordained that a man shall die, there is no escaping
death, not even for one descended from deathless gods.
Often a man who has fled from the fight and the clash of the thrown spears
goes his way, and death befalls him in his own house,
and such a man is not loved nor missed for long by his people;
the great and the small alike mourn when a hero dies.
For all the populace is grieved for the high-hearted warrior
after his death; while he lives, he is treated as almost divine.
Their eyes gaze on him as if he stood like a bastion before them.
His actions are like an army's though he is only one man.

(Translated by Richmond Lattimore)

Discussion

1. What kind of conduct does the poet expect of the bold soldier?

2. Even though the soldier constantly faces death, he will be rewarded for his heroism. What do you think of the reward that the poet offers as consolation?

D. The boundaries of Rome were extended by conquest. Julius Caesar is famous for his conquest of Gaul which he describes in his year-by-year diary Bellum Gallicum. The first extraction describes the brave standard-bearer of the tenth legion who leads the invasion of Britain and encourages his fellow-soldiers to follow him. The second extraction is Caesar's "modest" tale of his part in a major battle in northern Gaul.

1. Caesar himself reached Britain with the first ships about nine o'clock in the morning, and saw the enemy's forces posted on all the hills. The lie of the land at this point was such that javelins could be hurled from the cliffs right on to the narrow beach enclosed between them and the sea. Caesar thought this a quite unsuitable place for landing, and therefore rode at anchor until three o'clock, in order to give the rest of the ships time to come up. Meanwhile he assembled the generals and military tribunes, and, telling them what he had learned from Volusenus, explained his plans. He warned them that the exigencies of warfare, in which things move rapidly and the situation is constantly changing, required the instant execution of every order. On dismissing the officers he found both wind and tidal current were in his favour. He therefore gave the signal for weighing anchor, and after proceeding about seven miles ran his ships aground on an evenly sloping beach, free from obstacles.

   The natives, on realizing his intention, had sent forward their calvary and a number of the chariots which they are accustomed to use in warfare; the rest of their troops followed close behind and were ready to oppose the landing. The Romans were faced with very grave difficulties. The size of the ships made it impossible to run them aground except in fairly deep water; and the soldiers, unfamiliar with the ground, with their hands full, and weighed down by the heavy burden of their arms, had at the same time to jump down from the ships, get a footing in the waves, and fight the enemy, who, standing on dry land or advancing only a short way into the water, found with all their limbs unencumbered and on perfectly familiar ground, holding hurling javelins and galloping their horses, which were trained for this kind of work. These perils frightened our soldiers, who were quite

unaccustomed to battles of this kind, with the result that they did not show the same eagerness and enthusiasm as they usually did in battles on dry land.

Seeing this, Caesar ordered the warships -- which were swifter and easier to handle than the transports, and likely to impress the natives more by their unfamiliar appearance -- to be removed a short distance from the others, and then to be rowed hard and run ashore on the enemy's right flank, from which position slings, bows, and artillery could be used by men on deck to drive them back. This manoeuvre was highly successful. Scared by the strange shape of the warships, the motion of the oars, and the unfamiliar machines, the natives halted and then retreated a little. But as the Romans still hesitated, chiefly on account of the depth of the water, the man who carried the eagle of the 10th legion, after praying to the gods that his action might bring good luck to the legion, cried in a loud voice: "Jump down, comrades, unless you want to surrender our eagle to the enemy; I, at any rate, mean to do my duty to my country and my general." With these words he leapt out of the ship and advanced toward the enemy with the eagle in his hands. At this the soldiers, exhorting each other not to submit to such a disgrace, jumped with one accord from the ship, and the men from the next ships, when they saw them, followed them and advanced against the enemy. Both sides fought hard. But as the Romans could not keep their ranks or get a firm foothold or follow their proper standards, and men from different ships fell in under the first standard they came across, great confusion resulted. The enemy knew all the shallows, and when they saw from the beach small parties of soldiers disembarking one by one, they galloped up and attacked them at a disadvantage, surrounding them with superior numbers, while others would throw javelins at the right flank of a whole group. Caesar therefore ordered the warships' boats and the scouting vessels to be loaded with troops, so that he could send help to any point where he saw the men in difficulties. As soon as the soldiers had got a footing on the beach and had waited for all their comrades to join them, they charged the enemy and put them to flight, but they could not pursue them very far, because the cavalry had not been able to hold their course and make the island. This was the one factor that prevented Caesar from achieving his usual success.

(Translated by S. A. Handford)

Discussion

1. What manoeuvre of Caesar's helps to reduce the unfavorable odds against the Roman soldiers? What does this action reveal about Caesar's administrative abilities?

2. What effect did the standard-bearer's act have? Was this the act of a typical Roman soldier?

3. Notice that Caesar uses the third person for his narrative. Does this technique de-emphasize the author's importance? Give reasons for your answer.

2. After addressing the 10th legion Caesar had gone to the right wing, where he found the troops in difficulties. The cohorts of the 12th legion were packed together so closely that the men were in one another's way and could not fight properly. All the centurions of the 4th cohort, as well as a standard-bearer, were killed, and the standard was lost; nearly all the

centurions of the other cohorts were either killed or wounded, including the chief centurion Publius Sextius Baculus, a man of very great courage, who was so disabled by a number of severe wounds that he could no longer stand. The men's movements were slow, and some in the rear, feeling themselves abandoned, were retiring from the fight and trying to get out of range. Meanwhile the enemy maintained their unceasing pressure up the hill in front, and were also closing in on both flanks. As the situation was critical and no reserves were available, Caesar snatched a shield from a soldier in the rear (he had not his own shield with him), made his way into the front line, addressed each centurion by name, and shouted encouragement to the rest of the troops, ordering them to push forward and open out their ranks, so that they could use their swords more easily. His coming gave them fresh courage and hope; each man wanted to do his best under the eyes of the commander-in-chief, however desperate the peril, and the enemy's assault was slowed down a little.

Noticing that the 7th legion, which stood close by, was likewise hard put to it, Caesar told the military tribunes to join the two legions gradually together and adopt a square formation, so that they could advance against the enemy in any direction. By this manoeuvre the soldiers were enabled to support one another, and were no longer afraid of being surrounded from behind, which encouraged them to put up a bolder resistance. Meanwhile the two legions which had acted as a guard to the baggage at the rear of the column, having received news of the battle, had quickened their pace, and now appeared on the hilltop, where the enemy could see them; and Labienus, who had captured the enemy's camp, and from the high ground on which it stood could see what was going on in ours, sent the 10th legion to the rescue. The men of the 10th, who could tell from the flight of the cavalry and the non-combatants how serious things were, and what peril threatened the camp, the legions, and their commander-in-chief, strained every nerve to make the utmost speed.

Their arrival so completely changed the situation that even some of the Roman soldiers who had lain down, exhausted by wounds, got up and began to fight again, leaning on their shields. The non-combatants, observing the enemy's alarm, stood up to their attack, unarmed as they were; and the cavalry, anxious to wipe out the disgrace of their flight, scoured the whole battlefield and tried to outdo the legionaries in gallantry.

But the enemy, even in their desperate plight, showed such bravery that when their front ranks had fallen those immediately behind stood on their prostrate bodies to fight; and when these too fell and the corpses were piled high, the survivors still kept hurling javelins as though from the top of a mound, and flung back the spears intercepted by their shields. Such courage accounted for the extraordinary feats they had performed already. Only heroes could have made light of crossing a wide river, clambering up the steep banks, and launching themselves on such a difficult position.

So ended this battle, by which the tribe of the Nervii was almost annihilated and their name almost blotted out from the face of the earth.

Discussion

1. What specific conditions did Caesar find when he went to the right wing? What immediate action did he take?

2. What effect did Caesar's entrance into the battle have on his men? What does the incident reveal about Caesar-the-commander and about the attitude of his soldiers toward him?

E. Simonides of Ceos is famous for his epitaphs on fallen heroes.

1. Tell them in Sparta, passer-by,
That here obedient to their word we lie.

2. Great are the fallen of Thermopylae,
Nobly they ended, high their destination --
Beneath an altar laid, no more a tomb,
Where none with pity comes or lamentation,
But praise and memory --
A splendour of oblation
No rust shall blot nor wreckful Time consume.

The ground is holy: here the brave are resting,
And here Greek Honour keeps her chosen shrine.
Here too is one the worth of all attesting --
Leonidas, of Sparta's royal line,
Who left behind a gem-like heritage
Of courage and renown,
A name that shall go down
From age to age.

(Translated by T. F. Higham)

3. Into the dark death cloud they passed, to set
Fame on their own dear land for fadeless wreath,
And dying died not. Valour lifts them yet
Into the splendour from the night beneath.

(Translated by H. Macnaghten)

Discussion

1. The first poem is probably the most famous epitaph in history. What does it reveal about the Spartan code of behavior?

2. How does the poet express his ideas about the soldier's immortality in the second epitaph?

3. What quality of the heroic dead does Simonides praise in the third epitaph?

F. American literature, too, has its share of heroic prose and poetry. Look for different attitudes toward war in the following poems:

1. "Concord Hymn" by Ralph Waldo Emerson

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set today a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

2. "On the Grave of a Young Cavalry Officer Killed in the Valley of Virginia" by Herman Melville

Beauty and youth, with manners sweet, and friends --
Gold, yet a mind not unenriched had he
Whom here low violets veil from eyes.
But all these gifts transcended be:
His happier fortune in this mound you see.

3. "Let There Be No More Battles" by Edwin Markham

Yes, we would honor our heroic dead,
Would lay a wreath on each heroic head.
They all have perished for their dream of truth,
Died with the dare of youth.
They are not dead: life's flag is never furled:
They only passed on lightly, world to world.
Their bodies sleep, but in that Better Land
Their spirits march under a new command.

But there is something nobler yet -- to live,
Live gallantly, to give and to forgive.
Yes, there is something nobler than all war --
To make our Country worth our dying for --
To lay the beams of Justice on the earth,
And call the Brother Future into birth.

This is a day that is dear,
A day when God is near --
The day when battles ended for a space:
Let it become the conscience of the race.
O sons of time and tears,
The skies are weary of these screaming shells,
The fields are weary of these battle hells:
Send a new vision of the coming years.
Set this great day as a holy day apart,
For dreams of Peace, the wisdom of the heart.
Yes, let this day, O men of earth, become
The dawn-rise of a new millennium.

O friends of Christ, this is our dream, for we
Must strive on toward the Brotherhood to be --
Toward that great hour of God's ascending sun
When all shall love and all shall lift as one.

4. "On a Soldier Fallen in the Philippines" by William Vaughn Moody

Streets of the roaring town,
Hush for him, hush, be still!
He comes, who was stricken down
Doing the word of our will.
Hush! Let him have his state,
Give him his soldier's crown.
The grists of trade can wait
Their grinding at the mill,
But he cannot wait for his hone, now the trumpet has been blown;
Wreathe pride now for his granite brow, lay love on his breast of stone.

Toll! Let the great bells toll
Till the clashing air is dim.
Did we wrong this parted soul?
We will make up it to him.
Toll! Let him never guess
What work we set him to.
Laurel, laurel, yes;
He did what we bade him do.
Praise, and never a whispered hint but the fight he fought was good;
Never a word that the blood on his sword was his country's own heart's blood.

A flag for the soldier's bier
Who dies that his land may live;
O banners, banners here,
That he doubt not nor misgive!
That he heed not from the tomb
The evil days draw near
When the nation, robed in gloom,
With its faithless past shall strive.
Let him never dream that his bullet's scream went wide of its island mark,
Home to the heart of his darling land where she stumbled and sinned in the dark.

Discussion

1. List the new ideas that you find in these poems.

2. What is the noblest sentiment that you find expressed in these poems?

3. How has the concept of the soldier changed in the course of history? What factors have effected the change? Is it possible to find a prototype of the Greek or Roman hero in today's military services? Is he typical of the modern attitude or is he an exception?

Conclusion

Bring to class some records, poems, essays, or newspaper articles which reveal the attitude toward war in America today.

UNIT III

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF LEADERSHIP

Film: "Life in Ancient Greece: Role of the Citizen" (Board F-372)

Crises have been met and resolved by nations around the world for thousands of years, and there have been great men in history who proved their loyalty and revealed their social vision in times of stress. The power of the orator-statesman, his unique ability to delineate the problems and persuade the citizenry of the worth of his solutions, has always been a persuasive factor in the development of a culture.

What great orator-statesmen can you think of? Have their influences always been good ones? Do they have common qualities? What methods do they use to persuade the people to follow them?

A. Demosthenes, the son of a wealthy Athenian armor-maker, exerted a powerful influence on the Athenian law-court and Assembly in the fourth century B. C. He witnessed the overthrow of Sparta and the subjugation of all Greece to Macedon, but he fought tirelessly and with an iron will the steady march of Philip to destroy Greek liberty and Athenian honor. His fame as an orator rests primarily on those speeches called The Philippics, directed against Philip of Macedon, and they are considered masterpieces of Attic eloquence. Demosthenes had foreseen that Philip's gradual extension of empire could be stopped only by arousing the people to the danger and halting the advance by war, but there were many of Philip's partisans in Athens who pretended to scoff at the Macedonian menace. The third Philippic, delivered in the Assembly in 341 B. C., was Demosthenes' personal victory for the policies of the patriotic party.

> Men of Athens, many speeches are delivered in almost every session of the Assembly regarding the crimes Philip has been committing ever since he made the peace, not merely against you but against the others as well. All, I am sure, even if they refrain from doing so, might well say that our words and acts should aim to compel him to abandon his wanton insolence and make amends. Yet, I observe, our undertakings are so misdirected and neglected that, even if it be blasphemy to say so, I fear it is true that, were all who address you eager to propose, and you to adopt, measures bound to result in the most deplorable conditions, we could not be worse off than we are today.
>
> Many factors, no doubt, are responsible for this state of things. Our fortunes have not reached this pass through any one or two. But if you examine our situation aright, you will find it is due chiefly to those who aim to please their hearers rather than to tell them what is best for them to hear. Some of these, studying to preserve the foundations of their own popularity and power, have no regard for the future and therefore think you need have none, either. Others accuse and slander men in public life and devote their efforts to making Athens punish Athens and be absorbed in that activity, so that Philip may be free to undertake and accomplish his desires.
>
> Such policies are familiar to you, but they are the source of your troubles. Therefore, men of Athens, if I speak to you with some candor, pray do not be angry with me on that account. You see, you hold that in other matters free speech is an essential privilege of all in Athens. You have even

allowed foreigners and slaves to share in that privilege, and servants may often be seen saying what they please with greater license than citizens in some other states; yet you have banished it completely when it is a question of offering you advice. Accordingly in meetings of the Assembly you are spoiled and flattered, every word spoken being aimed to please you, though in your enterprises and experiences you are already in extreme peril. If you are of that frame of mind today as well, I know not what to say; but if you will consent to listen to what is for your welfare, devoid of flattery, I am ready to speak. If our affairs are in very bad shape and many interests have been sacrificed, still if you will do your duty all this may yet be rectified.

What I am about to say may surprise you, but still it is true. The worst feature of your past dealings turns out to be the best augury for the future. And what is this? It is that your sorry plight results from your doing nothing, either great or small, that you should have done. If things were in this state despite your doing your whole duty, there would not be even a hope of their improvement. As it is, Philip has vanquished your inertia, your indifference, not Athens. You have not been beaten; you have not even budged.

What is the cause of these events? Not without reason and just cause were the Greeks of old so ready to defend their freedom but now so resolved on servitude. Men of Athens, there was then something in the spirit of the people which is not there now, something which overcame even Persian gold and kept Hellas free, something which admitted defeat on neither land or sea. Now the loss of that has ruined everything and has made chaos of our affairs.

What was that thing? Nothing involved or tricky. It was just that one and all hated those who accepted bribes from men who aimed to rule or ruin Hellas. To be convicted of taking bribes was a most grievous crime; yes, they punished the guilty one with the utmost severity, and there was no room for intercession or pardon. Therefore, the right moment for achieving each enterprise, the opportunity Fortune often extends even to the indifferent at the expense of the vigilant, could not be bought from statesman or from general, any more than could our mutual good will, our distrust of tyrants and foreigners, or any such thing at all.

But now these possessions have been sold off like market wares, and in exchange there have been imported things which have brought ruin and disease to Hellas.

And what are these things? Envy, if a man has received a bribe; laughter, if he admits it; indulgence for a man proved guilty; hatred for his critic; and all the other things that come from bribery.

It is folly and cowardly to indulge in the hope that Philip will be merciful and, though ill-advised and unwilling to do anything you should, but lending an ear to those who speak in favor of the enemy, to believe that you dwell in a city of such size that, come what may, you will suffer nothing dreadful. It is disgraceful to say after the event: "Who could have imagined this would happen? By Zeus, we should have done thus and so, and have avoided that." The Olynthians could mention many things today the knowledge of which at the time would have prevented their ruin. So could the people of Oreus; so could the Phocians; so could each of the peoples which have been ruined.

But what is the good of all this? So long as the ship is safe, be it large or small, that is the time when sailor, pilot, every man in turn, must be alert and look to see that no one, wittingly or unwittingly capsize it. When the sea has broken over it, efforts are fruitless.

We too, then, men of Athens, while we are safe, while we still have a mighty city, abundant resources, fairest reputation -- what shall we do? Perhaps some one seated in this assembly has been longing to put that question. I will tell you, by heavens. I will even offer a resolution, and you may adopt it if you will.

First, let us take steps for our defense, let us equip ourselves--I mean with ships and funds and troops--for though all others consent to be slaves, we at least must fight for our freedom. When we have provided ourselves with all these things and have made them matters of public knowledge, then let us issue a call to the others and send envoys everywhere to spread the news -- to the Peloponnese, to Rhodes, to Chios, yes, to the Persian King, for it is not wholly unconnected with his interests that Philip be prevented from becoming master of the world. Thus if you persuade those people, you will have partners to share expenses and perils in case of need; otherwise you will at least gain time for your operations.

However, I do not bid you summon the others if you yourselves are unwilling to do anything needful in your own behalf. It is folly to neglect your own interests and then profess concern for the interests of others, to try to frighten others about the future while quite indifferent as to the present. No, that is not my proposal. What I say is that we must send funds to the forces in the Chersonese and do everything else they think fitting; we must ourselves make preparations; we must assemble the rest of the Greeks, get them together, instruct and admonish them. These are the measures appropriate for a state which has the high repute of Athens. If you imagine Chalcidians or Megarians are going to save Hellas while you evade the issue, you are mistaken, for we can be very thankful if they each save their own necks. No, this is a task for you to perform. Your forefathers gained and bequeathed this right to you at the cost of many mighty perils.

If each one of you is going to sit with folded hands, seeking to satisfy his own desires and not planning to do anything himself, in the first place he will never find the persons who will do the work, and secondly, we may find it necessary, I fear, to do all at once everything we do not wish.

This is my proposal, this is my resolution. I believe that even now if these steps are taken our situation may be rectified. If anyone has anything better to suggest, let him speak and give us his advice. Whatever you decide, God grant it turn out to your salvation.

(Translated by H. Lamar Crosby)

Discussion

1. Of what does Demosthenes accuse the Athenian Assembly?

2. How does Demosthenes contrast the present attitude of the Athenians with the old Hellenic spirit?

3. What does Demosthenes tell the Assembly about the dangers of complacency and over-confidence?

4. What ideas does Demosthenes express about working with other city-states to ward off the common danger?

B. In the great civil struggle between Caesar and Pompey that reached a climax when Caesar crossed the Rubicon and marched on Rome, Cicero found himself in the middle, forced to make a bitter choice between the two. His stubborn devotion to the constitution and to the inadequate Republican form of government resulted in his support of Pompey. Caesar's victory and subsequent dictatorship were bitter pills for Cicero, and he withdrew from the public eye until Caesar's assassination in 44 B.C. Ironically, at that time Cicero again was forced to make a decision between two men: the brilliant, unscrupulous Mark Antony and the young, untested Octavian, Caesar's heir and adopted son. The fourteen Philippics were scathing orations against Antony, which the latter could never forgive, and for them Cicero paid with his life in the joint prescriptions drawn up by Antony and Octavian during their temporary reconciliation.

The second Phillipic, which was published but not actually delivered, is considered, in all times and countries, to be a masterpiece of invective oratory. The peroration is a moving monument of Cicero's unflagging loyalty to the Republic, but it is also marked by the presence of the orator-statesman himself, determined to play his role center-stage, in full view of an appreciative audience.

> But let us disregard what is past and gone; it is this one day, one, I say, this very day, this point of time when I am speaking -- defend that if you can. Why is the senate surrounded by a cordon of armed men? Why are your henchmen listening to me with swords drawn? Why don't the doors of the Temple of Concord lie open? Why do you lead the Ityraeans, the most barbarous men of all the tribes, down into the Forum with their arrows? He says he does this for his own protection. Are not a thousand deaths better than not to be able to live in one's own state without a guard of armed men? But, believe me, that "protection" is none at all; it is by the affection and good will of your fellow-citizens that you should be surrounded, not by arms. The Roman people will seize those arms, twist them from you -- I pray it happens while we are still safe! ...
>
> The Roman people still have men to whom they may entrust the helm of the state; wherever they are, there is the State's every defense; or rather there is the State itself, which up to this point has only avenged itself but not completely recovered. The Roman people indeed have as their defenders the noblest young men. Let them withdraw from the action, taking pleasure in their leisure; if they so desire; however, they will be recalled by the State. For the name of peace is sweet; it is a wholesome state of affairs; but there is the greatest difference between peace and servitude. Peace is liberty undisturbed; servitude is the ultimate evil, one to be fought off not only by war but by death itself.
>
> But if those men, our liberators, have removed themselves from our sight, at least they have left behind the example of their deed. They did what no man had ever done before... These men were the first to attack a man seeking not merely power but in fact seeking a kingship. Not only is that deed in itself noble and divine, it is also an example for us to imitate, especially since they reached such a glorious height that it seems scarcely capable of being bounded by the heavens. ...
>
> But, Mark Antony, if glory cannot entice you to do the right thing, cannot even fear keep you from your foul deeds? You do not fear the lawcourts.

If this is due to your innocence, then I praise you; if it is due to your violent nature, I ask you: Don't you understand what it is that the man who does not fear the lawcourts in that fashion must fear? And yet if you do not fear brave men and noble citizens because they are restrained by the arms of your "protectors," believe me, those men of yours will not endure you much longer. What kind of a life is it, night and day, to fear your own men? Unless, of course, you have men bound to you by greater favors than Caesar himself had those men who killed him obligated to him, or if you in any respect can be compared to Caesar. There was in Caesar a genius, a skill at organizing, a memory, the polish of an educated man, attention to detail, careful thought, and diligence; he had performed great feats in war; disastrous to the State though they have been, the fact remains, they were great; for many years he plotted to rule, and by hard work, in the face of great peril, he had accomplished his goal... He had bound his own supporters to him with the hope of rewards; he bound his adversaries by a mask of clemency. What more can I say? He had already imposed, partly by fear, partly by resignation, the habit of servitude upon a free State.

I can compare him with you in your greed for power, but in other habits in no way can you be compared. Out of the many evils which Caesar inflicted upon the State, there has arisen some good: Now the Roman people have learned how much to trust each man, on whom they can depend, and whom to mistrust. Are you considering these facts? Don't you understand that it is enough for brave men to have learned how beautiful a deed, how rewarding an act of good will, how glorious an honor it is to have killed a tyrant? Will men actually endure you, when they could not endure him? Believe me, they will compete with each other and hasten to the task; they will not wait for an opportunity to arise.

Come to your senses at last, I beg you. Consider your ancestors, not those with whom you live; treat me as you will, but make your peace with the State. You see to your own interests; I will make my own declaration about myself. As a youth I defended the State, and as an old man I shall not desert it. I scorned the swords of Catiline, I shall have no fear of yours. Yes, I shall gladly offer my body if, by my death, the liberty of the State can be assured, so that at last the sorrow of the Roman people may give birth to that freedom which it has long labored to bring forth. For if, men of the Senate, I said, almost twenty years ago in this very temple, that death could not come prematurely for a man of consular rank, shall I now, an old man, deny that statement with greater truth? Now that the honors which I won and my accomplishments are behind me, death is a thing to be desired. I <u>do</u> pray for two things: one, that by dying I leave the Roman people free; (No greater gift can be given to me by the immortal gods than this.) and two, that each man's fortune be in accordance with his service to the State.

<u>Discussion</u>

1. How did Cicero view the murder of Julius Caesar?

2. Cicero enumerates some of Caesar's accomplishments but accuses him of ambition and tyranny. He says that Caesar imposed a condition of servitude on the Roman people but that Antony will not be able to act accordingly. What reasons does he give? What conditions cause people to submit to servitude? Can there be peace when servitude exists?

3. What role does Cicero intend to play? Does he seem to have an unselfish interest in the political situation?

C. John F. Kennedy's inaugural address, the second shortest in this country's history, compares favorably with Lincoln's Gettysburg Address in its elegant austerity and forceful optimism. It will undoubtedly be remembered as one of the most masterful bits of oratory in this country's history, and it reflects the statesman's awareness of his country's dedication to the cause of world peace.

Vice President Johnson, Mr. Speaker, Mr. Chief Justice, President Eisenhower, Vice President Nixon, President Truman, Reverend Clergy, fellow citizens:

We observe today not a victory of party but a celebration of freedom -- symbolizing an end as well as a beginning -- signifying renewal as well as change. For I have sworn before you and Almighty God the same solemn oath our forebears prescribed nearly a century and three-quarters ago.

The world is very different now. For man holds in his mortal hands the power to abolish all forms of human poverty and all forms of human life. And yet the same revolutionary beliefs for which our forebears fought are still at issue around the globe -- the belief that the rights of man come not from the generosity of the state but from the hand of God.

We dare not forget today that we are the heirs of that first revolution. Let the word go forth from this time and place to friend and foe alike, that the torch has been passed to a new generation of Americans -- born in this century, tempered by war, disciplined by a hard and bitter peace, proud of our ancient heritage -- and unwilling to witness or permit the slow undoing of those human rights to which this nation has always been committed, and to which we are committed today at home and around the world.

Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill, that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe to assure the survival and the success of liberty.

This much we pledge -- and more.

To those old allies whose cultural and spiritual origins we share, we pledge the loyalty of faithful friends. United, there is little we cannot do in a host of new cooperative ventures. Divided, there is little we can do -- for we dare not meet a powerful challenge at odds and split asunder.

To those new states whom we welcome to the ranks of the free, we pledge our word that one form of colonial control shall not have passed away merely to be replaced by a far more iron tyranny. We shall not always expect to find them supporting our view. But we shall always hope to find them strongly supporting their own freedom -- and to remember that, in the past, those who foolishly sought power by riding the back of the tiger ended up inside.

To those people in the huts and villages of half the globe struggling to break the bonds of mass misery, we pledge our best efforts to help them help themselves, for whatever period is required -- not because the Communists may be doing it, not because we seek their votes, but because it is right. If a free society cannot help the many who are poor, it can not save the few who are rich.

To our sister republics south of our border, we offer a special pledge -- to convert our good words into good deeds -- in a new alliance for progress -- to assist free men and free governments in casting off the chains of poverty.

But this peaceful revolution of hope cannot become the prey of hostile powers. Let all our neighbors know that we shall join with them to oppose aggression or subversion anywhere in the Americas. And let every other power know that this hemisphere intends to remain the master of its own house.

To that world assembly of sovereign states, the United Nations, our last best hope in an age where the instruments of war have far outpaced the instruments of peace, we renew our pledge of support -- to prevent it from becoming merely a forum for invective -- to strengthen its shield of the new and the weak -- and to enlarge the area in which its writ may run.

Finally, to those nations who would make themselves our adversary, we offer not a pledge but a request: that both sides begin anew the quest for peace, before the dark powers of destruction unleashed by science engulf all humanity in planned or accidental self-destruction.

We dare not tempt them with weakness. For only when our arms are sufficient beyond doubt can we be certain beyond doubt that they will never be employed.

But neither can two great and powerful groups of nations take comfort from our present course -- both sides overburdened by the cost of modern weapons, both rightly alarmed by the steady spread of the deadly atom, yet both racing to alter that uncertain balance of terror that stays the hand of mankind's final war.

So let us begin anew -- remembering on both sides that civility is not a sign of weakness, and sincerity is always subject to proof. Let us never negotiate out of fear. But let us never fear to negotiate.

Let both sides explore what problems unite us instead of belaboring those problems which divide us.

Let both sides, for the first time, formulate serious and precise proposals for the inspection and control of arms -- and bring the absolute power to destroy other nations under the absolute control of all nations.

Let both sides seek to invoke the wonders of science instead of its terrors. Together let us explore the stars, conquer the deserts, eradicate disease, tap the ocean depths and encourage the arts and commerce.

Let both sides unite to heed in all corners of the earth the command of Isaiah -- to "undo the heavy burdens ...(and) let the oppressed go free."

And if a beachhead of cooperation may push back the jungles of suspicion, let both sides join in creating a new endeavor -- not a new balance of power, but a new world of law, where the strong are just and the weak secure and the peace preserved.

All this will not be finished in the first 100 days. Nor will it be finished in the first 1,000 days, nor in the life of this Administration, nor even perhaps in our lifetime on this planet. But let us begin.

In your hands, my fellow citizens, more than mine, will rest the final success or failure of our course. Since this country was founded, each generation of Americans has been summoned to give testimony to its national

loyalty. The graves of young Americans who answer the call to service surround the globe.

Now the trumpet summons us again -- not as a call to bear arms, though arms we need -- not as a call to battle, though embattled we are -- but a call to bear the burden of a long twilight struggle year in and year out, "rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation" -- a struggle against the common enemies of man: tyranny, poverty, disease and war itself.

Can we forge against these enemies a grand and global alliance, north and south, east and west, that can assure a more fruitful life for all mankind? Will you join in that historic effort?

In the long history of the world, only a few generations have been granted the role of defending freedom in its hour of maximum danger. I do not shrink from this responsibility -- I welcome it. I do not believe that any of us would exchange places with any other people or any other generation. The energy, the faith, the devotion which we bring to this endeavor will light our country and all who serve it -- and the glow from that fire can truly light the world.

And so, my fellow-Americans: ask not what your country can do for you -- ask what you can do for your country.

My fellow-citizens of the world: ask not what America will do for you, but what together we can do for the freedom of man.

Finally, whether you are citizens of America or citizens of the world, ask of us here the same high standards of strength and sacrifice which we ask of you. With a good conscience our only sure reward, with history the final judge of our deeds, let us go forth to lead the land we love, asking His blessing and His help, but knowing that here on earth God's work must truly be our own.

Discussion

1. Adlai Stevenson tried to explain the difference between himself and John Kennedy with this question: "Do you remember that in classical times, when Cicero finished speaking, the people said: 'How well he spoke,' but when Demosthenes had finished speaking, the people said: 'Let us march'? What do you think of this analogy? How would you evaluate the three speeches in terms of forcefulness, diction, and possible audience-reaction?

2. What pledge did Mr. Kennedy make to the new states (Alaska and Hawaii)? What were the defects of Greek and Roman colonization? What have we learned from subsequent attempts of nations to exercise tyranny over their colonies?

3. Select from the address a few sentences which seem memorable or admirable to you. Be prepared to explain the reasons for your choices.

Conclusion

Bring to class other memorable exempla of great oratory and/or statesmanship. What are the qualities of a great leader of men? Who are the leaders of today's world? How do they measure up in comparison to a Demosthenes, a Cicero, or a John Kennedy?

UNIT IV

THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH

We know from our study of Greek that the word philosophy means "love of wisdom." Through the ages man has attempted to find answers to the "big" questions, questions about the ultimate value and meaning of life. We are still questioning the meaning of existence today, particularly in the face of the cruelties and contradictions prevalent in today's world. Most of us believe in the sanctity of human life, and yet we participate in that most radical contradiction of human worth - war. The terrible reality of power dims the torches of right and justice. Modern science has solved many of our problems, but it also has created others. Philosophy and science must be reconciled; the life of contemplation and the life of activity must be compromised.

A. One of the greatest...if not the greatest...periods in the history of philosophy was the fourth century B. C. which produced such thinkers as Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. Socrates wrote nothing, but his philosophy is preserved by Plato in the Dialogues where Socrates appears as the interlocutor. Socrates claimed to differ from his fellow Athenians only in knowing that he knew nothing, and he spent his days in the highly unpopular but thoroughly successful task of proving to the Athenians their ignorance of things about which they thought they were well informed. When he was brought to trial on the charges of corrupting the youth of Athens by his teachings and disbelieving in the gods of Athens, he refused to defend himself in the manner that Athenians understood and chose to lecture the jury on its ignorance and imcompetence. The account of Socrates' trial and death, found in Plato's Apology, Crito, and Phaedo should be read not only for their biographical interest but also because they are accounts of Plato's ideal of human nature.

After Socrates was found guilty of the charges, he delivered his Apology to the Athenian Assembly. He makes a short defence of his way of life and then proceeds to forgive those who condemned him, to comfort his friends who grieve over his approaching death, and asks a last favor:

> And now, O men who have condemned me, I would fain prophesy to you; for I am about to die, and in the hour of death men are gifted with prophetic power. And I prophesy to you who are my murderers, that immediately after my departure punishment far heavier than you have inflicted on me will surely await you. Me you have killed because you wanted to escape the accuser, and not to give an account of your lives. But that will not be as you suppose: far otherwise. For I say that there will be more accusers of you than there are now; accusers whom hitherto I have restrained: and as they are younger they will be more inconsiderate with you, and you will be more offended at them. If you think that by killing men you can prevent some one from censuring your evil lives, you are mistaken; that is not a way of escape which is either possible or honorable; the easiest and the noblest way is not to be disabling others, but to be improving yourselves. This is the prophecy which I utter before my departure to the judges who have condemned me.
>
> Friends, who would have acquitted me, I would like also to talk with you about the thing which has come to pass, while the magistrates are busy, and before I go to the place at which I must die. Stay then a little, for we may as well talk with one another, while there is time. You are my friends, and I should like to show you the meaning of this event which has happened to

me. O my judges -- for you I may truly call judges -- I should like to tell you of a wonderful circumstance. Hitherto the divine faculty of which the internal oracle is the source has constantly been in the habit of opposing me even about trifles, if I was going to make a slip or error in any matter; and now as you see there has come upon me that which may be thought, and is generally believed to be, the last and worst evil. But the oracle made no sign of opposition, either when I was leaving my house in the morning, or when I was on my way to the court, or while I was speaking, at anything which I was going to say; and yet I have often been stopped in the middle of a speech, but now in nothing I either said or did touching the matter in hand has the oracle opposed me. What do I take to be the explanation of this silence? I will tell you. It is an intimation that what has happened to me is a good, and that those of us who think that death is an evil are in error. For the customary sign would surely have opposed me had I been going to evil and not to good.

Let us reflect in another way, and we shall see that there is great reason to hope that death is a good; for one of two things -- either death is a state of nothingness and utter unconsciousness, or, as men say, there is a change and migration of the soul from this world to another. Now if you suppose that there is no consciousness, but a sleep like the sleep of him who is undisturbed even by dreams, death will be an unspeakable gain. For if a person were to select the night in which his sleep was undisturbed even by dreams, and were to compare with this the other days and nights of his life, and then were to tell us how many days and nights he had passed in the course of his life better and more pleasantly than this one, I think that any man, I will not say a private man, but even the great king will not find many such days or nights, when compared with the others. Now if death be of such a nature, I say that to die is gain; for eternity is then only a single night. But if death is the journey to another place, and there, as men say, all the dead abide, what good, O my friends and judges, can be greater than this? If indeed when the pilgrim arrives in the world below, he is delivered from the professors of justice in this world, and finds the true judges who are said to give judgment there, Minos and Rhadamanthus and Aeacus and Triptolemus, and other sons of God who were righteous in their own life, that pilgrimage will be worth making. What would not a man give if he might converse with Orpheus and Musaeus and Hesiod and Homer? Nay, if this be true, let me die again and again. I myself, too, shall have a wonderful interest in there meeting and conversing with Palamedes, and Ajax the son of Telaman, and any other ancient hero who has suffered death through an unjust judgment; and there will be no small pleasure, as I think, in comparing my own sufferings with theirs. Above all, I shall then be able to continue my search into true and false knowledge; as in this world, so also in the next; and I shall find out who is wise, and who pretends to be wise, and is not. What would not a man give, O judges, to be able to examine the leader of the great Trojan expedition; or Odysseus or Sisyphus, or numberless others, men and women too! What infinite delight would there be in conversing with them and asking them questions! In another world they do not put a man to death for asking questions: assuredly not. For besides being happier than we are, they will be immortal, if what is said is true.

Wherefore, O judges, be of good cheer about death, and know of a certainty, that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death. He and his are not neglected by the gods; nor has my own approaching end happened by mere chance. But I see clearly that the time had arrived when it was better for me to die and be released from trouble; wherefore the oracle gave no sign. For which reason, also, I am not angry with my

condemners, or with my accusers; they have done me no harm, although they did not mean to do me any good; and for this I may gently blame them.

Still I have a favor to ask of them. When my sons are grown up, I would askyou, O my friends, to punish them; and I would have you trouble them, as I have troubled you, if they seem to care about riches, or anything, more than about virtue; or if they pretend to be something when they are really nothing, -- then reprove them, as I have reproved you, for not caring about that for which they ought to care, and thinking that they are something when they are really nothing. And if you do this, both I and my sons will have received justice at your hands.

The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways -- I to die, and you to live. Which is better God only knows.

(Translated by Benjamin Jowett)

Discussion

1. What prophecy does Socrates make for his murderers? How did Socrates affect the men whom he addresses?

2. Socrates has previously told his listeners that his inspiration comes from an inner voice that forbids him when he is about to take the wrong course. What is the significance of the fact that he hears no voice now when he is about to face death?

3. What does Socrates say that death may be? Why are these two possibilities pleasant to anticipate?

4. When Socrates says that "no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death," what does he mean by a "good" man?

5. Does the favor he asks seem to be an unusual one? Why? What does it reveal about the character of Socrates?

Film: Encyclopaedia Britannica Education Corporation Films (available through Kent State or the Cleveland Main Library)

1. "Plato's Apology"

2. "The Life and Teaching of Socrates"

B. The Romans inherited the wisdom of the Greek philosophers and used Greek concepts to develop the practical Roman Stoicism which helped them to find strength and security in troubled times. Two Roman Stoics, an emperor and a slave, wrote in Greek. The slave Epictetus lived in the 1st-2nd centuries A. D. After being freed by his Roman master he became a popular teacher of philosophy and influenced many eminent men, among them Marcus Aurelius, the emperor-philosopher. Much of Epictetus' writing sounds like maxims on moral duty. Often he uses the trivial incidents of daily life as guideposts for greater moral issues. For exmaple, he urges the philosophy student to come to him "with his hair carefully trimmed rather than dirty and rough." He explains that the soul is more important than the body, but cleanliness of body is an indication of inner beauty. The following passages are from The Enchiridion:

1. You can be unconquerable, if you enter into no cambat in which it is not in your own power to conquer. When, therefore, you see anyone eminent in honors or power, or in high esteem on any other account, take heed not to be bewildered by appearances and to pronounce him happy; for if the essence of good consists in things within our own power, there will be no room foi envy or jealousy. But, for your part, do not desire to be a general, or a senator, or a consul, but to be free; and the only way to this is a disregard of things which lie not within our own power.

Discussion

1. What advice does Epictetus give in regard to ambition?

2. What is Epictetus' concept of true freedom?

2. When any person treats you badly, or speaks ill of you, remember that he acts or speaks from an impression that it is right for him to do so. Now, it is not possible that he should follow what appears right to you, but only what appears so to himself. Therefore, if he judges from false appearances, he is the person hurt; since he too is the person deceived. For if anyone takes a true proposition to be false, the proposition is not hurt, but only the man is deceived. Setting out, then, from these principles, you will meekly bear with a person who reviles you; for you will say upon every occasion, "It seemed so to him."

Discussion

1. Why does Epictetus say that a man who abuses or speaks ill of you is really hurt more than you are by the treatment?

2. What does Epictetus suggest as the proper reaction to such treatment?

C. Marcus Aurelius, the emperor who in his youth was a pupil of Epictetus, turned to philosophy for fortification against the tumultuous state of world affairs. A good part of his life was spent in fighting external enemies and maintaining order in a crumbling Roman world, and his Meditations are the reflections of a man who learned to live within the citadel of his soul. Examine these four extractions and discuss their current validity:

1. Lay hold securely upon this present time; for those who prefer to pursue posthumous fame do not consider that the men of after time will be exactly like those they cannot bear now; and both are mortal. And what does it matter to you what these men say or what opinion they hold about you?

2. How strangely men act! They will not praise those who are living at the same time with themselves; but to be themselves praised by posterity, by persons they have never seen and never will see, this they set a high value on. But it is much the same as if you should grieve because those who lived before you did not praise you.

3. When you have done a good act and another has received it, why do you still want something more, as fools do, either to have the credit for a good act or the recompense?

4. Consider the past; the great shifts in political supremacy. You may foresee also the things which will be. For they will certainly keep the same form; they cannot possibly deviate from the order in which they take place now. Accordingly, to have contemplated human life for forty years is the same as to have contemplated it for ten thousand years. For what more will you see?

Discussion

1. What advice does Marcus Aurelius offer to those who seek immortal fame? What alternative does he imply?

2. Is it natural for a person to want good deeds acknowledged or rewarded? What do you suppose Marcus Aurelius considered to be the "right" reason for a good act?

3. What purpose can there be in examining the past? What fallacy might there be in the belief that a forty-year contemplation of life is as valid as a 10,000-year contemplation?

D. Had it not been for the fact that Cicero was exiled from Rome as a result of putting the Catilinarian conspirators to death without a trial during his consulship, the philosophical works might never have been written. Ciceronian philosophy is to a great extent an echo of Platonism, but Cicero should be given credit for the formulation of a great body of Latin philosophical vocabulary not previously found in the Latin language.

Cicero used Plato's Republic as the model for his own great treatise on the Roman state, De Re Publica, but instead of theorizing on the ideal form of government and demonstrating the nature of justice, Cicero describes the Roman state from an historical point of view and recommends the excellence of the Roman constitution and the practical statesmanship of the Roman. The sixth book, called Somnium Scipionis (The Dream of Scipio), is a purely mystical experience which carries the reader beyond the limits of present life to that ideal world inhabited by the souls of the virtuous. The following extraction describes the experience which the younger Scipio has two years before Carthage is finally subdued in the third Punic War:

> When I arrived in Africa to serve, as you know, as military tribune of the fourth legion under the consul Manius Manilius, there was nothing I desired more than to meet King Masinissa, who for very excellent reasons was very friendly to our family. When I came to him, the old man embraced me and burst into tears, and shortly afterward looked up to heaven and said, "I thank you, mighty sun, and you, the other heavenly bodies, that before I depart this life I behold in my kingdom and in my house Publius Cornelius Scipio, by whose very name my strength is renewed; the memory of that excellent and invincible man is ever in my mind." Then I questioned him about his kingdom, and he me about our state, and that day was spent with much conversation on both sides.
>
> Then, having been royally entertained, we continued the conversation late into the night, the old man talking of nothing but Africanus and recalling not only all his deeds, but also his words. Then, when we went to sleep, since I was tired from my journey and since I had stayed up late, I fell into a deeper sleep than usual. In consequence of what we were talking about, I believe (for it commonly happens that our thoughts and words produce

in our sleep something like that which Ennius writes about Homer, of whom to be sure he very often used to think and speak while awake), there appeared before me Africanus in that shape which was more familiar to me from his death mask than from his own person; when I recognized him, I was indeed alarmed, but he said, "Be of good courage, Scipio, dismiss your fear, and store up my words in your memory.

"Do you see yonder city which, forced by me to submit to Rome, is renewing old hostilities and cannot remain at peace" (now from a lofty spot that was full of stars and brilliantly lit up he pointed to Carthage), "which you as a mere soldier are now coming to attack? Within the next two years you shall overthrow it as consul and win for yourself the name which up to now you have borne as an inheritance from me. Now, when you have destroyed Carthage, have celebrated a triumph, have become censor, and as ambassador have visited Egypt, Syria, Asia, and Greece, you will, in your absence, be chosen consul a second time, bring to a successful conclusion a very great war, and destroy Numantia. But when you will be carried in triumph in your chariot to the Capitolium, you will find the state disturbed by the designs of my grandson.

"But, Africanus, that you may be more eager to defend your country, be assured of this: a certain place has been definitely fixed in the heavens for all those who have preserved, aided, or extended the boundaries of their country, a place where the blessed may enjoy eternal life; for there is nothing at any rate that happens on earth more acceptable to that supreme god who rules the entire universe than the gatherings and societies of men joined by law, which are called states; the rulers and preservers of these set out from here and return to their heavenly abode."

At this point, although I was thoroughly frightened not so much because of the fear of death as because of the fear of the treachery of my own kin, I nevertheless asked him whether my father Paulus and others whom we thought to be dead were alive. "Of course they are alive," said he, "having escaped from the fetters of the body as if from a prison; indeed, what you call life is truly death. Do look at your father Paulus, who is approaching." When I saw him, I broke into a flood of tears, but he embraced and kissed me and ordered me to stop crying.

As soon as I had checked my tears and regained the power of speech, I said, "Dear and venerable father, since this is life, as I have heard Africanus maintain, why do I tarry on earth? Why do I not hasten to come here to join you?"

"You do not understand," he said. "For unless that god, to whom belongs all this sacred precinct that you behold, shall free you from those fetters of the body, the approach to this place is closed to you. For men have been created for this purpose, to protect that sphere called earth which you see situated in the middle of this sacred precinct. They have been given a soul from those eternal fires which are called stars and constellations. These spherical and round bodies are endowed with divine spirit and accomplish their cycles and revolutions with remarkable speed. Therefore, you, Publius, and all good men must preserve your souls in the protection of your bodies, and you must not without the order of that god who has given them to you depart from the life of man, lest you seem to shun the duty assigned to you by god.

"Therefore, if you despair of returning to this place where great and outstanding men enjoy all blessings, tell me of how little worth is that human glory which can hardly extend to an insignificant part of a single year. Therefore, if you wish to look on high and gaze upon this seat and eternal abode, you will disregard the gossip of men and you will not place your hope on mundane rewards. Virtue herself by her own allurements should draw you to true honor. All that talk about you that others resort to is confined by the narrow limits of those countries which you see and it has not lasted long; it is buried upon the death of those individuals and will be forgotten by posterity.

"Employ your immortal soul in the best pursuits, the best of which are those undertaken for the safety of the state; spurred on and encouraged by these pursuits, your soul will more speedily fly to this seat and abode. For the souls of those men who have devoted themselves to sensual pleasures and have become their slaves, so to speak, when they escape from the body, flit about close to earth, and only after they have been tossed about for many ages do they return to this place."

He vanished; I awoke from my dream.

Discussion

1. What historical events does the elder Africanus describe to the younger? What does he say to persuade the young Scipio that he should be eager to defend Rome in the coming war?

2. Describe the place in the heavens reserved for the virtuous patriots after their deaths.

3. When the young Scipio's father Paulus appears to him and Scipio wants to join him in this ideal heavenly abode, what does Paulus tell him about death? What, then, was the Roman attitude regarding suicide?

4. What kind of a life does Paulus advocate for Scipio? What practices should be avoided? What are the "best pursuits" for the Roman?

E. The younger Seneca, who became the tutor of Nero, is one of the most frequently quoted Roman moralists. He is best known for his moral essays, some in the form of consolations and some in the form of letters to Lucilius. He is often criticized for expressing lofty humanitarian ideals and praising the simple virtuous life but not practicing what he preached. His personal life was suspect, and the huge fortune that he amassed allowed him to live far more luxuriously than in the simple manner he advocated. His Latin is in the simple, terse style of the Silver Latin period.

1. Ingratus est qui beneficium accepisse se negat, quod accepit; ingratus est qui dissimulat; ingratus qui non reddit, ingratissimus omnium, qui oblitus est.

   The man is ungrateful who denies that he has received a benefit which he has in fact received; he is ungrateful who pretends that he has not received one; he, too, is ungrateful who fails to return one; but the most ungrateful of all is the man who has forgotten a benefit.

2. Philosophia ... animum format et fabricat, vitam disponit, actiones regit, agenda et omittenda demonstrat, sedet ad gubernaculum et per ancipitia fluctuandum derigit cursum. Sine hac nemo intrepide potest vivere, nemo secure.

   Philosophy ... molds and fashions the soul, guides our life, shows us what we should do and what we should avoid; it sits at the helm and directs our course as it wavers in the midst of uncertainties. Without it no one can live fearlessly, no one can live securely.

3. Vis tu cogitare istum, quem servum tuum vocas, ex isdem seminibus ortum eodem frui caelo, aeque spirare, aeque vivere, aeque mori.

   You should consider that he whom you call your slave was born of the same stock, enjoys the same sky, and equally with you, breathes, lives and dies.

4. Non qui parum habet, sed qui plus cupit, pauper est.

   It is not the man who has little, but the man who craves more, that is poor.

5. Magna servitus est magna fortuna.

   A great fortune is a great slavery.

Discussion

1. Do you agree with Seneca's description of the "most ungrateful man"? Why would it be worse to have forgotten a favor than to declare that you hadn't received one?

2. Seneca obviously has a high regard for the life of contemplation. What kind of a philosophy directs your life?

3. Seneca's view of slavery is somewhat different from what we know of the Roman attitude toward slaves and extremely modern. What actual role did the slave play in Roman society? What changes occurred during the Empire?

4. Why would Seneca believe that a great fortune was an evil? How could wealth enslave one?

F. Stuart Chase was born in New Hampshire in 1888. He is best known for social criticism, particularly in the area of economics. When he was asked by the publishers of I Believe (Clifton Fadiman, editor) to contribute his personal credo to a collection of personal philosophies of eminent men and women, he joined the ranks of men like John Dewey, Bertrand Russell, George Santayana, and many other leading thinkers of the twentieth century. None of these men are, however, merely thinkers. They are all men of action who have put their philosophies of life into practice, who have labored to resolve their doubts and concerns, and whose influence has been felt around the world.

The seven episodes which Stewart Chase relates reveal much about the application of his personal philosophy. Examine his reactions and decisions in each situation:

I

I take it one's living philosophy is a somewhat different kettle of fish from one's formal philosophy. I take it a living philosophy is a label for that collection of beliefs and opinions which tends to guide one's conscious decisions.

Perhaps as good a way as any other to formulate my living philosophy is to reconstruct some actual situations, and note how I reacted to them. This is taking a leaf from modern physics. P. W. Bridgman says that physicists now tend to define their concepts in terms of operations or experiments performed. "Length" and "time" are no longer regarded as absolutes; their meaning comes from what one does with clocks and meter sticks. The concept grows out of the experiment.

I will now perform seven operations based on my own experience. I think they will indicate my living philosophy better than an elevating essay about what I think people ought to believe. In most of the stories, I appear to have behaved fairly well. I could tell twice as many stories more damaging to my self-esteem, but besides being painful to the author, these would not illustrate any philosophy at all.

For sixteen hours in the day, I am faced with decisions which determine my behavior as a biological item on this planet. This behavior in turn determines how long I am to survive as a biological item. Happily, many decisions are automatically made for me by a nervous system well adapted to defend the organism from meddling by the conscious mind. Without these sheltered reactions, I should have been dead long ago. Only this morning I escaped a nasty fall from a stone wall by unconsciously thrusting out an arm to regain balance.

Another long list of decisions is made for me by the customs and folkways of my tribe. One does not go to a dinner party in a bathing suit, hot as the evening may be. One does not get up in the middle of a lecture and tell the speaker what a terrible bore he is, truthful as such a remark might be.

Many conscious decisions not inexorably determined by the folkways remain. For these I stop and think. Signs come in from the world outside--light waves, sound waves, tactile pressures. I revolve them somehow in my cortex, then act. If I fail to act, that also is a decision. Why do I act or react <u>thus</u>, rather than <u>so</u>? Why do I throw <u>this</u> letter into the wastebasket, and spend two hours composing an answer to <u>that</u> letter, both being on the same subject? Why do I agree to serve on this committee and refuse that one? My living philosophy is manifested in these decisions. Let us now examine seven specific cases.

II

I am driving along a country road at night. My headlights are tilted for maximum visibility. I see a pair of lights approaching, half a mile away. When the distance between us is halved, I touch a button with my foot, and dim my headlights. Not so in the other car. It sweeps by with a soft, powerful phut, blinding me as it goes. "You poor damned so and so!"

I shout to the night air, as I touch the button and extend the lights again.

Hullo, here is another car, blazing down the road. What is this misbegotten troglodyte going to do? I know what I am going to do. I am going to give him the works. That last Devonian ape man was the third in a row. Am I to devote my life to protecting hairy anthropoids who should be swinging from limb to limb? Here he is. Going like Halley's comet. I could run over every dog, child, and old lady in Fairfield County in the road shadow cast by that aurora borealis.

What? He's dimmed them, although a bulb is missing in his dimmers. A gentleman and a scholar. And here are my lights going at full blast! I reach for the button, but in my haste hit the accelerator instead, and so give my friend not only a hideous glare, but the rudeness, not to say danger, of higher speed while passing him.

I am alone now in the darkness. As a kind of penance, I drive a few miles at 30 with the dimmers on. Of all idiots, I am the world's loftiest. Trying to take the spleen generated by A, B, and C out on D. D is not C; he is not B, he is not A. D is to A, B, and C as Shakespeare is to Elbert Hubbard, Arthur Brisbane, and Dr. Frank Crane.

Just a minute, now. Elbert Hubbard had his moments before big business got him. Perhaps C had a foot button and broke it. Perhaps he was an unemployed carpenter in a 1922 Reo which cost him $15, going to Bridgeport in the forlorn hope of getting a job on the new PWA housing project. Even if he were president of the Stock Exchange, that is no reason I should take out my displeasure on an ornament of civilization like D. I might have killed D. What lesson would that have preached to C or B or A, strung out along Route 58, happy as lightning bugs, burning the eyeballs out of everyone they passed?

What am I going to do now? I am going to press that button for every car I meet, until I get home. I don't care if it is Al Capone breaking out of jail, or Goebbels rushing to a secret meeting of the Bund. Forty thousand dead on the roads last year, and most of them at night.

A trivial decision, true. Yet this nightly intercourse which millions of us experience involves life and death, man as a social animal, the organization of society in the power age, the engineering of roads, automotive design. It involves hospitals and public health, the consumption of alcohol, and the question whether a biological species, geared to four miles an hour on its legs, can adjust itself to twenty times that rate and survive indefinitely.

III

A few years ago I was in Odessa. I spoke no Russian, and English-speaking guides were rare. Finally I was informed at my hotel that just the right man was waiting in the lobby. His English was indeed excellent. He talked like the Prince of Wales. This was the more extraordinary because my guide wore blue overalls, and was a coal-black Negro. As an American, I do not expect Negroes to speak like Oxford graduates. I expect them to speak like Senators from Alabama.

We went to the docks, to rest houses for workers that were once palaces for the rich along the Black Sea Riviera, to factories, stores, beaches,

and to famous stone steps down which the Cossacks had charged and massacred in 1904. My guide asked me to come home to lunch with him. I was born north of the Mason and Dixon line, and therefore I accepted, especially as he said his wife could make the best borsch in Odessa.

We went to his house--very neat, very poor. His wife came out, wiping her hands on an apron, and smiling a welcome. "Hul-lo," she said. That was her only word of English. She was a comely Russian girl, whiter than I am. I steadied myself against the door. The happy pair beamed at each other and at me. I looked apprehensively for children, but none appeared.

While we ate the admirable borsch with tin spoons, my guide explained his household. He came originally from Jamaica. He had been a stoker on a British freighter which sailed from Odessa in a hurry during the civil war, leaving him behind. Negroes were rare in Odessa, and the Soviet authorities made much of him. They got him a job in the local power plant. Then, because he seemed lonely, they found him a wife. The difficulties of mating black and white never seemed to enter anybody's head. His wife was a school teacher. She loved her husband, and was very proud of him. No other girl in Odessa had such a distinctive husband, who could talk beautiful English besides.

I was far from Atlanta, or even from New York. I could only turn a mental somersault, eat the borsch and the butterless gray bread, and accept without comment what a great city of half a million people accepted.

If one intelligent black man and one intelligent white woman can live happily together, proud of each other, in Odessa, why cannot the same thing happen anywhere else? The answer to that is easy: because other places, such as Atlanta, Georgia, are <u>not</u> Odessa. Folklore changes in space and in time. Well, suppose folklore about race were unified all over the world. Could black men and white women, or black women and white men, mate as naturally as white and black horses, without ill effects on themselves or on their brown children? Is it <u>all</u> a matter of folklore? The answer to that is harder. The deeper the biologists dig into the matter, the more racial differences <u>which count</u> seem to recede. Professor Haldane, who contributed to the original <u>Living Philosophies</u>, concludes from the evidence that racial differences occurred in superficial characteristics to begin with, such as skin coloring or hair texture, and that so much interbreeding has taken place since that most notions about racial purity are moonshine.

IV

From Odessa we jump halfway round the globe, to Albuquerque, New Mexico. Not far from that town, the Rio Puerco comes down from the high mountains of the north to join the Rio Grande. I am out with a group of technicians from the United States Soil Conservation Service. They drive me around a 30,000-acre project on the arid plain. They explain that the number of grazing sheep has been limited to the carrying capacity of the grass, and that both mechanical and biological controls are being tried, to hold the soil against wind and water erosion. A wire fence separates the controlled area from the rest of the plain. The difference between the two sides of the fence is striking. On the project side the grama grass grows tall and strong; on the other side it is sparse, brown, and weak, with wide sandy patches between the drooping clumps.

We drive down to the banks of the Rio Puerco, beyond the controlled area. The river was once a clear stream in a shallow, narrow bed. It fed many little irrigation projects of the Pueblo Indians. Look at it now. The water is thick as pea soup, and there is very little of it. The narrow channel has widened in places to half a mile, cut into horrible, quaking clay canyons by the silt. Flash floods come down, tearing out bridges, covering the irrigated lands with gravel, destroying the ancient economy of the pueblos. Grazing lands topple into this loathsome abyss an acre at a time. Between the floods, the river may dry up completely. The underground water table of the whole valley is sinking fast.

What has happened to bring this desolation? Overgrazing on the plain; overcutting and fire on the timbered head waters in the mountains. White men have overturned the balance of natural forces, wrecking in a few years what it took millennia to build. I feel as if smoldering volcanoes were at work, preparing to blast living things out of this land altogether. Against them stand the men of the Conservation Service, but they are still few, and the ruin is great.

I look around the broad valley. The mountain wall is white with snow, for it is early March. The sun is bright and warm. The cloud streamers across the sky are of that indescribable luminosity which only New Mexico knows. This world has been here a long time. This vulture wheeling above us has been here a long time; that antelope we saw through the glasses has been here a long time. Vulture and antelope and Indian accept this world. We palefaces have refused to accept it. We saw a cash return in it. The cash was there for a few years, but the forces of nature are in delicate equilibrium in the arid lands of the Southwest. From a life-giving stream, this river has become a horror. Another generation of neglect, and paleface, Indian, antelope, and bird must go.

Money loss, crop loss, water loss, game loss--these are practical problems, but I do not have to face them, living two thousand miles away. I am facing another problem, a philosophical problem, if you will. I am a creature of this earth, and so a part of these prairies, these mountains, these rivers and clouds. Unless I feel this dependence, I may know all the calculus and all the Talmud, but I have not learned the first lesson of living on this earth.

If there is fire in your house, you fight it. If there is death along the Rio Puerco, you fight that, as these men beside me are fighting. I go back to my hotel and wire that I will accept an invitation to give a talk on conservation, at a place I did not want to go to, and at a time which is very inconvenient.

V

I am lying on a lonely beach under the Florida sun. The Gulf beyond the breakers is the color of milky jade. A man in a pink silk shirt comes up and sits down on the sand beside me. He is not a prepossessing man. "That's a nice tan you've got," he says. I do not like the way he says it. I do not like the way he looks at me.

"So so," I say.

"Are you married?"

"Yes."

He continues to look at me, more and more strangely. Suddenly I am filled with rage. I clench my fists under me. I look him in the eye.

"I have two children."

"Oh," says the man. He gets up from the sand, brushes off his not too clean flannels, and walks away.

There is a round stone on the beach by my hand. I have a hot impulse to pick it up and throw it at his retreating pink shirt. I tell myself to wait a minute.

I look at the man again. He is limping. One leg is obviously shorter than the other. His face was plain as a picket fence. Putting these two facts together, I begin to picture a crippled boy who was never asked to parties, at whom the girls turned up their noses, who was a nuisance to overworked parents, who was met at every turn in life with frustration, if not with contempt.

The anger goes out of me, though the disgust remains. I begin to reconstruct my scanty scientific knowledge of homosexuals. Some of them are born so. Indeed, all of us are born with so-called male and female characteristics. When the male predominate, we are boys; when the female, we are girls; when they are equally divided, we balance feebly on the edge. We can no more help it than a moth can help flying into a lantern. Boys who are not strongly male to begin with may be driven over on the other side, by being shunned by girls, by being constantly thwarted or repressed. Or they may be corrupted by older men and boys who in turn have been driven over on the abnormal side. This is not a matter of morals, but a matter of chromosomes or psychological conditioning, or both.

Homosexuals are born so many per hundred thousand, like albinos or left-handed persons. Some borderline cases can be reversed by a good psychiatrist. Perhaps homosexual tendencies are a kind of sickness, a deficiency disease.

I roll over on my back and watch a diving gull making a white streak from blue sky to jade sea. Sick gulls die quickly. Only the healthy survive. The sick children of men are tolerated and many are restored by medical invention. It is not nature's way, but it is a kind way and worth trying. The pink shirt is far down the beach now. Why throw stones at biology?

VI

I have written a speech in the course of which I say: "America will never tolerate Fascism; democracy is too deeply imbedded in the national consciousness." I put the manuscript aside, and pick up the day's mail. A correspondent has sent me a quotation: Hegel's definition of love. "Love is the ideality of the relativity of the reality of an infinitesimal portion of the absolute totality of the Infinite Being."

This sounds alarmingly like nonsense, but the reputation of Hegel is profound. Let me see if I can squeeze some meaning from it. "Love" is the name for an emotion which takes many forms--the love of man for woman, of woman for child, of friend for friend, of disciple for master, of man

for country. Hegel does not say which kind he is talking about. "Ideality" is an abstraction so high I lose it in the stratosphere. "Relativity" is a useful label in many contexts, but Einstein has warned that the context must be precise. The "relativity of the reality" is anything but precise.

But perhaps Hegel meant something definite. Whatever he meant, he was unable to communicate it to me. I doubt if it has ever been communicated to anyone. The verbal structure itself forbids communication. I could spend my life contemplating this string of symbols and receive no more reward than in contemplating "X is the A of the B of the C of an infinitesimal portion of the D of the E."

So I cease to contemplate it. I pass it up. I pass up all such talk, from Aristotle to Spengler. It saves a lot of time. But the talk of Einstein and Planck I do not pass up. I do not understand all of it, but I know that by diligence I could come to understand it. The symbols connect with real things. The talk checks with observable phenomena. Nobody can do anything but obfuscate himself with Hegel's symbols about love. With the symbols of Maxwell's field equations, one can build 100,000-horsepower generators and send electric power hurtling over the wires from Boulder Dam to Los Angeles. In reading, in listening, I try to separate talk which goes round and round from talk which refers to something definite in the world outside my head.

I return to the manuscript of my speech. With a soft pencil I draw a thick black line through the sentence about Fascism and the national consciousness of America. Perhaps Hegel could understand it, but I cannot.

VII

The telephone rings. I lift the receiver.

"Yes, this is Mr. Chase. . . ."

"Yes, I wrote that book. . . ."

"That's very flattering. . . ."

"Yes, I am interested in writing other things. . . ."

"That is a lot of money. . . ."

"What kind of copy? . . ."

"Well, I'm damned!"

I jerk the receiver back on the hook. Presently the buzzer rings again, but I do not answer it.

This decision was almost as fast a reaction as the knee jerk. By it I lost a contract for a fabulous sum per week, to write advertising copy for a patent medicine that I had exposed as worthless on the testimony of the American Medical Association.

Give me no credit for renouncing the fabulous sum. I did not need it. My book was selling very well. But what made me violate the folkways of the telephone, and hang up on a man who was making me a handsome offer? As well as I could analyze it, it was a feeling of nausea about the integrity of communication among American businessmen. I had made and proved certain statements. These statements, in the form of a book, had produced a financial return. The man on the other end of the telephone--he was a very big shot indeed--saw nothing amiss in asking me to contradict the statements for a larger financial return. He seemed to think that writers sold words as he sold patent medicines, on the basis of all the traffic would bear.

When people are locked together in an interdependent economic machine, the price of tolerable existence is clear communication. Otherwise the machine cannot be operated. What sort of army would it be, where the colonel twisted the words of the general, the major twisted the words of the colonel, the captain those of the major, and the petty officers those of the captain?

Persons who set themselves up as writers and word dealers have a special responsibility in the power age. If they cannot be trusted to talk honestly, who can be trusted? If they can be sold out to the highest bidder like hogs on the hoof, where is an interdependent culture going to land?

This, I think, was the reason that I hung up the receiver. The modern world is confusing enough, even if everyone were quiet. I want to get the truest news I can about the world, from those in a position to report this part of it or that. My survival may depend on it. Per contra I want to give the truest news I can. It is something like driving a car. That unspeakable tycoon wanted to pay me for driving at seventy miles an hour on the wrong side of the road, smashing up other people and smashing myself.

VIII

He is waiting for me in the lobby of the building where I have an office. His face is haggard. "What is it now?" I ask. For eight years I have listened to his sad stories of a promising mechanical invention and a possible fortune, wrecked by fast-moving patent attorneys, broken contracts, failing friends, and above all, by a deepending business depression.

"Have you five minutes to spare?" he asks.

I hesitate. I know that five minutes means probably an hour, and I am hoping to catch a train. He goes on talking.

"I had to decide Monday whether I would jump out of a window or go on relief."

"I see that you decided right."

"I don't know. The shame of it is killing me."

I can take a later train. If he had brought good news, I would have dodged the interview.

"Come on up," I say. We go silently into the elevator.

I close the door and sit down at my desk. His eyes shift wretchedly about the little room.

"Has it been your fault?" I ask.

"No. I don't think so. Not altogether, anyway. It's this depression. Nobody has any money. People haven't done the things they said they'd do. They couldn't. I couldn't get anywhere without capital. I couldn't manufacture the thing and sell it with my bare hands. I hung on as long as I could. You know that. Mortgaged everything. Since I saw you last, I've tried for any kind of a job. Washing windows, selling insurance, anything. I suppose I'm no good. I was once. Still, I don't see how it's all my fault."

"It isn't your fault. Look at it this way. In 1929, forty-eight million people in the country had jobs. They were making their own way. They were good workers; they couldn't be accused of failure. Today only forty million of them have jobs, many of those at lower pay than in 1929. How could eight million people turn into bums and loafers almost overnight?"

"No. It doesn't make sense."

"Of course it doesn't. You've got plenty of company. There are about twenty million American men, women, and children on relief. The banks are on relief. The railroads are on relief. If it weren't for the RFC, they'd be busted wide open. You aren't up against personal failure. You're up against the failure of a whole economic system. Take your relief money and spend it. You've got it coming to you, and the spending helps the rest of us."

"You really think I have it coming to me?"

"Certainly. On two counts: first, on the ancient principle of group survival; second, on the modern principle that spending is as important as producing, in an economy of abundance. If relief were shut off, a sixth of the American population would starve to death. Not only that, but the loss of their spending, which runs into billions in the aggregate, would finish wrecking an economy geared to making and selling the things they now consume. If you should all jump out of windows, instead of going on relief, the rest of us would have a depression which would make 1932 look like a Vanderbilt garden party."

"That makes me feel a little better. But where's it all going to end? The government can't afford it indefinitely."

"Perhaps the government can't afford it, but the American continent can. By that I mean government bonds may some day cease to be valuable, but there are enough fields, mines, oil wells, factories, power plants, and machines in the United States to give us all a good living. That's what counts in the end. We aren't going to throw up our hands and sink for the third time, with good solid life rafts all around us."

"But how are we going to grab those rafts?"

"Well, you're grabbing one now. We can't 'afford' relief, but we've got it. Germany couldn't afford to rearm, but she did. Italy couldn't afford

to conquer Ethiopia, but she conquered it. Russia couldn't afford a Five-Year Plan, but the factories, dams, and schools were built to schedule. England could never leave the gold standard without instant disaster, but she left it and began to prosper. What is impossible for bankers is becoming increasingly possible for engineers. Group survival is more important than a balanced budget."

"So you don't think we're going all to hell?"

"No. We are in for a rough transition period. But I think, if a given community has enough resources, technical skill, man power, and physical plant, the chances are it will find a way to eat what is already on the shelf. If that horrifies the bankers, it's too bad."

"I feel a lot better. I'm going to apply for one of those WPA engineering research jobs. You don't mind shaking hands with a poor bum on relief?"

He held out his hand, with the first real smile I had seen on his face in years. I smiled, too.

"I may be with you any time. No one's job, no one's income, is sure today."

IX

These are all true stories. They show my reactions and decisions in seven specific situations. The reader is perhaps in a better position to construct my living philosophy from these experiments than I am myself. To me it seems that I tend to be guided in conscious decisions by four criteria:

1. That I am a creature of this earth. (The Rio Puerco case.)

2. That I am a member of a human group. (The headlight case, the telephone case, the relief case.)

3. That it is meaningless to judge other members of the group until the biological and psychological facts are in. (The Florida case, the Odessa case.)

4. That progress depends, not on revealed authority, not on ethics and morals, which shift with the folkways, but on using the scientific attitude in social as well as in physical affairs. (There is more than a hint of this in all the cases. I am not much of a scientist, but I feel myself constantly groping for the kind of knowledge, the kind of decision, that stays put.)

Every human being is confronted with two major tasks: to establish a relation with the physical environment in which he is rooted as deeply as any oak, and to establish a relation with his fellow creatures.

The physical environment, in the sense of fresh air to breathe, cannot be neglected five minutes. In the sense of the balance of soils and waters, the penalties of neglect are less immediately apparent. But in the end, retribution is sure and terrible. Look at the dust bowl, at the Yellow River, at the blasted lands of Asia Minor.

If people were not members of a group, they would not be human. Stripped of his group, a man becomes as helpless as if he were stripped of his nervous system. If this truism of anthropology were better appreciated, there would be less silly talk about individualism and rugged independence. We cannot get away from other men, and wouldn't if we could. One of the significant things about the explorers of North America is that they made their way through the wilderness, not in splendid isolation, as we like to think, but with the invaluable assistance of one Indian tribe after another.

How large the group should be for healthy survival becomes an increasingly interesting question. The dangers of inbreeding tend to fix a minimum size, while economic interdependence today indicates a much greater maximum than hitherto. Already, a good part of a continent must be integrated, if men are to be supplied with a reasonable budget of necessities and comforts. Even the three million square miles of the United States do not furnish quite all the raw materials for that budget. Some day a Great Society may swing around the whole world. With the planet as the group unit, the only kind of war possible would be civil war. With poverty liquidated through the universal application of the technical arts, civil wars would be rare.

Large or small, if one is perforce a member of a group, it is a good idea to realize it, and play ball. I find the easiest way to play ball is to analyze what makes my fellow players act the way they do. Which of their more infuriating characteristics has been fixed by inheritance; which built in by early conditioning; which determined by custom and the folkways?

Finally, I admit to a deep conviction that progress is attainable through the methods of science. These methods have changed the face of the world since Bruno died at the stake to witness them, three centuries ago. The applications of science have quadrupled the population of Western civilization and greatly improved its health, released twenty billions of man power of energy from coal, falling water and oil, created a vast collectivized, interlocked culture. This is enough to indicate that the scientific method works, and that its laws and techniques are very powerful medicine indeed.

The beginning is auspicious, but the word has not got around. In 1939, most literate persons use the products of science continuously, but have little conception of the discipline. They still cling to revealed authority, and the revelations clash. Their minds are littered with ideological concepts incapable of verification. They subscribe passionately to Nazi dogma, Marxist dogma, Fascist dogma, Christian dogma, Jewish dogma, Mohammedan dogma, racial dogma, laissez-faire dogma, property dogma, money dogma, and even dogma about political democracy. My dogma is eternally right, and your dogma is eternally wrong. As a result, they are constantly in each other's hair, fighting about ghostly matters. The more lettered they are, the tougher the grip on authority, the more agile the logic, the fiercer the dogma.

Once a person acquires a scientific attitude, dogma begins to melt out of his mind, like an ice field melting in the sun. The scientific attitude reverses the older thought channels. Facts come first. Then one employs his reason to draw inferences from the facts. No facts,

no useful concepts. The dogmatist uses his reason--and very powerful it often is--to select or torture the facts in support of his ideology. Dogma first, facts second.

The shore line of history, to use the eloquent language of historians, is littered with the wrecks of civilizations. I will not list them, for the recital is getting to be tiresome. Perhaps civilizations are too much for homo sapiens altogether. Perhaps we shall have to go back to gathering coconuts and spearing fish. But two observations are in order. When civilizations have fallen in the past, others have sprung up. We keep on trying. This is encouraging. Secondly, there has never been a civilization like the present one, built on inanimate energy and mathematical equations, with stations all over the world. If Europe's civilization is blotted out, America remains. If Europe and America are blotted out, Australia and South Africa remain.

More cheerful than blotting out is the hope that the members of a culture founded on science will gradually be inculcated with the scientific attitude. For a few hours in the day, a few days in the year, millions of us are already capable of it. Can that small margin be extended, so that we can climb and hold on, and climb again? I do not know. But my hope is strong.

Discussion

1. Put your self into the position of the author in each situation. What would your reactions have been? Are the author's typical, do you think?

2. How would you describe the author? What feelings does he have about his fellow-man?

3. What does Mr. Chase have to say about the responsibility of writers? Why is clear communication important? Relate an experience of your own where communication channels were impaired. What was the result?

4. What part does the "rugged individualist" play in today's world? Is he to be admired?

5. What does Mr. Chase mean by "scientific attitude"? How would this attitude help you in a discussion of the current involvement in Vietnam?

UNIT V

THE FALLIBILITY OF MAN

The literature of the drama probably best portrays life situations and demonstrates the characteristics of an age, because drama is written to be performed. The audience sees the interaction of the characters; the audience hears the characters in conversation with each other; the audience watches the conflict between individuals or the external forces which cause conflict. Since the drama is an imitation of life, we can discover many facts about the men of a particular age by reading and performing ourselves the plays written and performed by other people in other times.

Early Greek drama was derived from ritual, and the god Dionysus was the deity with whom, for the most part, was connected the ritual from which drama arose. He was connected with the growth of vegetation, particularly the vine, and, unlike other divinities, he entered into direct contact with his worshippers and participated in the wild, frenzied celebrations. In Athens the tyrants, who were anxious to gain popular support, initiated the public festivals of Dionysus, and it was at the Great Dionysia at Athens that Greek tragedy first achieved maturity. It was introduced by Peisistratus at the festival between 534 and 531 B.C., but until 499 B.C., when Aeschylus first competed for the prize, little is known about the nature of tragedy.

Of the three great Greek tragedians, Sophocles was considered to have been the greatest. It is said that he won twenty first prizes, many second prizes, and was never third in the competition staged at the festivals. He is credited with the innovation of using a third actor on the stage and, by doing so, to increase the complexity of the actors' relationships and provide greater dramatic effects. He is also praised for his characterizations of women. There are in existence seven complete tragedies and several hundred fragments of plays that have been lost. Sophocles is said to have written 123 plays in his lifetime from about 495 to 406 B.C.

A. Read first the story of the Royal House of Atreus in Mythology by Edith Hamilton. Since she is using Aeschylus as her source, you will find some differences between her version and the scene from Sophocles' Electra. In this scene Orestes reveals his identity to his sister Electra:

ELECTRA: What? Art thou he?

ORESTES: Look at this signet, once our father's, and judge if I speak truth.

ELECTRA: O blissful day!

ORESTES: Blissful, in very deed!

ELECTRA: Is this thy voice?

ORESTES: Let no other voice reply.

ELECTRA: Do I hold thee in my arms?

ORESTES: As mayest thou hold me always!

ELECTRA: Ah, dear friends and fellow citizens, behold Orestes here, who was feigned dead, and now, by that feigning hath come safely home!

LEADER: We see him, daughter; and for this happy fortune a tear of joy trickles from our eyes.

(The following lines between ORESTES and ELECTRA are chanted responsively.)

strophe

ELECTRA: Offspring of him whom I loved best, thou hast come ever now, thou hast come, and found and seen her whom thy heart desired!

ORESTES: I am with thee;--but keep silence for a while.

ELECTRA: What meanest thou?

ORESTES: 'Tis better to be silent, lest some one within should hear.

ELECTRA: Nay, by ever-virgin Artemis, I will never stoop to fear women, stay-at-homes, vain burdens of the ground!

ORESTES: Yet remember that in women, too, dwells the spirit of battle; thou hast had good proof of that, I ween.

ELECTRA: Alas! ah me! Thou has reminded me of my sorrow, one which, from its nature, cannot be veiled, cannot be done away with, cannot forget!

ORESTES: I know this also; but when occasion prompts, then will be the moment to recall those deeds.

antistrophe

ELECTRA: Each moment of all time, as it comes, would be meet occasion for these my just complaints; scarcely now have I had my lips set free.

ORESTES: I grant it; therefore guard thy freedom.

ELECTRA: What must I do?

ORESTES: When the season serves not, do not wish to speak too much.

ELECTRA: Nay, who could fitly exchange speech for such silence, when thou hast appeared? For now I have seen thy face, beyond all thought and hope!

ORESTES: Thou sawest it, when the gods moved me to come. . . .

ELECTRA: Thou hast told me of a grace above the first, if a god hath indeed brought thee to our house; I acknowledge therein the work of heaven.

ORESTES: I am loth, indeed, to curb thy gladness, but yet this excess of joy moves my fear.

epode

ELECTRA: O thou who, after many a year, hast deigned thus to gladden mine eyes by thy return, do not, now that thou hast seen me in all my woe--

ORESTES: What is thy prayer?

ELECTRA: --do not rob me of the comfort of thy face; do not force me to forego it!

ORESTES: I should be wroth, indeed, if I saw another attempt it.

ELECTRA: My prayer is granted?

ORESTES: Canst thou doubt?

ELECTRA: Ah, friends, I heard a voice that I could never have hoped to hear; nor could I have restrained my emotion to silence, and without a cry, when I heard it.

Ah me! But now I have thee; thou art come to me with the light of that dear countenance, which never, even in sorrow, could I forget.

(The chant is concluded.)

ORESTES: Spare all superfluous words; tell me not of our mother's wickedness, or how Aegisthus drains the wealth of our father's house by lavish luxury or aimless waste; for the story would not suffer thee to keep due limit. Tell me rather that which will serve our present need,--where we must show ourselves, or wait in ambush, that this our coming may confound the triumph of our foes.

And look that our mother read not thy secret in thy radiant face, when we twain have advanced into the house, but make lament, as for the feigned disaster; for when we have prospered, then there will be leisure to rejoice and exult in freedom.

ELECTRA: Nay, brother, as it pleases thee, so shall be my conduct also; for all my joy is a gift from thee, and not mine own. Nor would I consent to win a great good for myself at the cost of the least pain to thee; for so should I ill serve the divine power that befriends us now.

But thou knowest how matters stand here, I doubt not: thou must have heard that Aegisthus is from home, but our mother within;--and fear not that she will ever see my face lit up with smiles; for mine old hatred of her hath sunk into my heart; and, since I have beheld thee, for very joy I shall never cease to weep. How indeed should I cease, who have seen thee come home this day, first as dead, and then in life? Strangely hast thou wrought on me; so that, if my father should return alive, I should no longer doubt my senses, but should believe that I saw him. Now, therefore, that thou hast come to me so wondrously, command me as thou wilt; for, had I been alone, I should have achieved one of two things,--a noble deliverance, or a noble death.

ORESTES: Thou hadst best be silent; for I hear some one within preparing to go forth.

ELECTRA: (to ORESTES and PYLADES) Enter, sirs; especially as ye bring that which no one could repulse from these doors, though he receive it without joy.

(The PAEDAGOGUS enters from the palace.)

PAEDAGOGUS: Foolish and senseless children! Are ye weary of your lives, or was there no wit born in you, that ye see not how ye stand, not on the brink, but in the very midst of deadly perils? Nay, had I not kept watch this long while at these doors, your plans would have been in the house before yourselves; but, as it is, my care shielded you from that. Now have done with this long discourse, these insatiate cries of joy, and pass within; for in such deeds delay is evil, and 'tis well to make an end.

ORESTES: What, then, will be my prospects when I enter?

PAEDAGOGUS: Good; for thou art secured from recognition.

ORESTES: Thou hast reported me, I presume, as dead?

PAEDAGOGUS: Know that here thou art numbered with the shades.

ORESTES: Do they rejoice, then, at these tidings? Or what say they?

PAEDAGOGUS: I will tell thee at the end; meanwhile, all is well for us on their part,--even that which is not well.

ELECTRA: Who is this, brother? I pray thee, tell me.

ORESTES: Dost thou not perceive?

ELECTRA: I cannot guess.

ORESTES: Knowest thou not the man to whose hands thou gavest me once?

ELECTRA: What man: How sayest thou?

ORESTES: By whose hands, through thy forethought, I was secretly conveyed forth to Phocian soil.

ELECTRA: Is this he in whom, alone of many, I found a true ally of old, when our sire was slain?

ORESTES: 'Tis he; question me no further.

ELECTRA: O joyous day! O sole preserver of Agamemnon's house, how hast thou come? Art thou he indeed, who didst save my brother and myself from many sorrows? O dearest hands; O messenger whose feet were kindly servants! How couldst thou be with me so long, and remain unknown, nor give a ray of light, but afflict me by fables, while possessed of truths most sweet? Hail, father,--for 'tis a father that I seem to behold! All hail,--and know that I have hated thee, and loved thee, in one day, as never man before!

PAEDAGOGUS: Enough, methinks; as for the story of the past, many are the circling nights, and days as many, which shall show it thee, Electra, in its fulness. (To ORESTES and PYLADES) But this is my counsel to you twain, who stand there--now is the time to act; now Clytemnestra is alone,--no man is now within: but, if ye pause, consider that ye will have to fight, not with the inmates alone, but with other foes more numerous and better skilled.

ORESTES: Pylades, this our task seems no longer to crave many words, but rather that we should enter the house forthwith,--first adoring the shrines of my father's gods, who keep these gates.

(ORESTES and PYLADES enter the palace, follwed by the PAEDAGOGUS.--ELECTRA remains outside.)

ELECTRA: O King Apollo! graciously hear them, and hear me besides, who so oft have come before thine altar with such gifts as my devout hand could bring! And now, O Lycean Apollo, with such vows as I can make, I pray

thee, I supplicate, I implore, grant us thy benignant aid in these designs, and show men how impiety is rewarded by the gods!

(ELECTRA enters the palace.)

CHORUS: (singing) Behold how Ares moves onward, breathing deadly vengeance, against which none may strive!

Even now the pursuers of dark guilt have passed beneath yon roof, the hounds which none may flee. Therefore the vision of my soul shall not long tarry in suspense.

The champion of the spirits infernal is ushered with stealthy feet into the house, the ancestral palace of his sire, bearing keen-edged death in his hands; and Hermes, son of Maia, who hath shrouded the guile in darkness, leads him forward, even to the end, and delays no more.

(ELECTRA enters from the palace.)

strophe

ELECTRA: Ah, dearest friends, in a moment the men will do the deed;--but wait in silence.

CHORUS: How is it?--what do they now?

ELECTRA: She is decking the urn for burial, and those two stand close to her.

CHORUS: And why hast thou sped forth?

ELECTRA: To guard aginst Aegisthus entering before we are aware.

CLYTEMNESTRA: (within) Alas! Woe for the house forsaken of friends and filled with murderers!

ELECTRA: A cry goes up within:--hear ye not, friends?

CHORUS: I heard, ah me, sounds dire to hear, and shuddered!

CLYTEMNESTRA: (within) O hapless that I am!--Aegisthus, where, where art thou?

ELECTRA: Hark, once more a voice resounds!

CLYTEMNESTRA: (within) My son, my son, have pity on thy mother!

ELECTRA: Thou hadst none for him, nor for the father that begat him.

CHORUS: Ill-fated realm and race, now the fate that hath pursued thee day by day is dying,--is dying!

CLYTEMNESTRA: (within) Oh, I am smitten!

ELECTRA: Smite, if thou canst, once more!

CLYTEMNESTRA: (within) Ah, woe is me again!

ELECTRA: Would that the woe were for Aegisthus too!

CHORUS: The curses are at work; the buried live; blood flows for blood, drained from the slayers by those who died of yore.

(ORESTES and PYLADES enter from the palace.)

Behold, they come! That red hand reeks with sacrifice to Ares; nor can I blame the deed.

ELECTRA: Orestes, how fare ye?

ORESTES: All is well within the house, if Apollo's oracle spake well.

ELECTRA: The guilty one is dead?

ORESTES: Fear no more that thy proud mother will ever put thee to dishonour.

CHORUS: Cease; for I see Aegisthus full in view.

ELECTRA: Rash boys, back, back!

ORESTES: Where see ye the man?

ELECTRA: Yonder, at our mercy, he advances from the suburb, full of joy.

CHORUS: Make with all speed for the vestibule; that, as your first task prospered, so this again may prosper now.

ORESTES: Fear not,--we will perform it.

ELECTRA: Haste, then, whither thou wouldst.

ORESTES: See, I am gone.

ELECTRA: I will look to matters here.

(ORESTES and PYLADES go back into the palace.)

CHORUS: 'Twere well to soothe his ear with some few words of seeming gentleness, that he may rush blindly upon the struggle with his doom.

(Aegisthus enters.)

AEGISTHUS: Which of you can tell me, where are those Phocian strangers, who, 'tis said, have brought us tidings of Orestes slain in the wreck of his chariot? Thee, thee I ask, yes, thee, in former days so bold, --for methinks it touches thee most nearly; thou best must know, and best canst tell.

ELECTRA: I know assuredly; else were I a stranger to the fortune of my nearest kinfolk.

AEGISTHUS: Where then may be the strangers? Tell me.

ELECTRA: Within; they have found a way to the heart of their hostess.

AEGISTHUS: Have they in truth reported him dead?

ELECTRA: Nay, not reported only; they have shown him.

AEGISTHUS: Can I, then, see the corpse with mine own eyes?

ELECTRA: Thou canst, indeed; and 'tis no enviable sight.

AEGISTHUS: Indeed, thou hast given me a joyful greeting, beyond thy wont.

ELECTRA: Joy be thine, if in these things thou findest joy.

AEGISTHUS: Silence, I say, and throw wide the gates, for all Mycenaeans and Argives to behold; that, if any of them were once buoyed on empty hopes from this man, now, seeing him dead, they may receive my curb, instead of waiting till my chastisement make them wise perforce!

ELECTRA: No loyalty is lacking on my part; time hath taught me the prudence of concord with the stronger.

(The central doors of the palace are thrown open and a shrouded corpse is disclosed. ORESTES and PYLADES stand near it.)

AEGISTHUS: O Zeus, I behold that which hath not fallen save by the doom of jealous Heaven; but, if Nemesis attend that word, be it unsaid!

Take all the covering from the face, that kinship, at least, may receive the tribute of lament from me also.

ORESTES: Lift the veil thyself; not my part this, but thine, to look upon these relics, and to greet them kindly.

AEGISTHUS: 'Tis good counsel, and I will follow it.--(To ELECTRA) But thou--call me Clytemnestra, if she is within.

ORESTES: Lo, she is near thee: turn not thine eyes elsewhere.

(AEGISTHUS removes the face-cloth from the corpse.)

AEGISTHUS: O, what sight is this!

ORESTES: Why so scared? Is the face so strange?

AEGISTHUS: Who are the men into whose mid toils I have fallen, hapless that I am?

ORESTES: Nay, hast thou not discovered ere now that the dead, as thou miscallest them, are living?

AEGISTHUS: Alas, I read the riddle: this can be none but Orestes who speaks to me!

ORESTES: And, though so good a prophet, thou wast deceived so long?

AEGISTHUS: Oh lost, undone! Yet suffer me to say one word. . .

ELECTRA: In heaven's name, my brother, suffer him not to speak further, or to plead at length! When mortals are in the meshes of fate, how can such respite avail one who is to die? No,--slay him forthwith, and cast his corpse to the creatures from whom such as he should have burial, far from our sight! To me, nothing but this can make amends for the woes of the past.

ORESTES: (to AEGISTHUS) Go in, and quickly; the issue here is not of words, but of thy life.

AEGISTHUS: Why take me into the house? If this deed be fair, what need of darkness? Why is thy hand not prompt to strike?

ORESTES: Dictate not, but go where thou didst slay my father, that in the same place thou mayest die.

AEGISTHUS: Is this dwelling doomed to see all woes of Pelops' line, now, and in time to come?

ORESTES: Thine, at least; trust my prophetic skill so far.

AEGISTHUS: The skill thou vauntest belonged not to thy sire.

ORESTES: Thou bandiest words, and our going is delayed. Move forward!

AEGISTHUS: Lead thou.

ORESTES: Thou must go first.

AEGISTHUS: Lest I escape thee?

ORESTES: No, but that thou mayest not choose how to die; I must not spare thee any bitterness of death. And well it were if this judgment came straightway upon all who dealt in lawless deeds, even the judgment of the sword: so should not wickedness abound.

(Orestes and Pylades drive Aegisthus into the palace.)

CHORUS: (singing) O house of Atreus, through how many sufferings hast thou come forth at last in freedom, crowned with good by this day's enterprise!

Discussion

1. What role does the chorus play in this scene?

2. What comments would you make on the relationship between brother and sister and on their alliance in the plot to murder their mother?

3. What actions of Aegisthus reveal his nature?

4. What does Orestes' final speech tell you about his moral views?

B. Before Greek influences began to affect Roman civilization the Romans had their own native dramatic forms, but these faded into the background about the third century B.C., and the Romans turned to Greek comedy and tragedy, which they translated, imitated, and adapted. Among the pioneers in this endeavor were Ennius (who is best known for his epic poetry), Accius, and Pacuvius, but their works have not survived. The two playwrights whose work we may examine and describe are Plautus and Terence. It is true that they adapted the New Comedy of the Greeks -- they made no effort to conceal their indebtedness to the Greek models -- but they did not merely translate; they creatively adapted the Greek material into something that a Roman audience could appreciate. Most of these comedies dealt with family problems -- problem of father-son relationships, conflicts between husband and wife, love between young people, separation of families by war or other disasters. "Like many modern movies designed for mass

audiences, the plots were frequently "boy-meets-girl," with the complication of parental objection to their union -- the girl in the case, though pretty and accomplished, is not a suitable match, but is a slave girl or even an apparent courtesan. After much maneuvering, attended by comic incidents, misunderstandings, deceptions involving parasites, clever slaves, friends, and other standard characters, there is a happy ending in which the girl turns out to be the long-lost daughter of a respectable citizen, and all is well."

Titus Maccius Plautus (ca. 255-184 B.C.) was born in northern Italy and came to Rome as a young man to seek his fortune. He became a stage carpenter or possibly an actor. He apparently lost his savings at one time and was forced to work in a flour mill. He began to write plays at this time and became so successful that he was able to devote all his time to writing. It is reported that he wrote as many as 130 plays, but this number seems unlikely; probably many of these are imitations passed off under his name. We have twenty-one of these plays extant, twenty of which are probably authentic.

The Mostellaria, or Haunted House, is the story of a young man who led a highly respectable life until his father went abroad on business for three years. Then, under the tutelage of a cunning slave, he begins to lead a wild life of drinking and associating with women of questionable character. The father, of course, returns unexpectedly, while a wild drinking party is in progress. The clever, quick-witted slave, Tranio, devises the story of the haunted house.

The characters are:

Tranio, a slave
Philolaches, the wayward son
Delphium, a courtesan, girlfriend of Callidamates
Callidamates, a young man, friend of Philolaches
Sphaerio, a slave
Theopropides, the old father of Philolaches
Two slaves who accompany Theopropides
Philematium, another courtesan, girlfriend of Philolaches

The scene is the wild party inside the house of Theopropides. Tranio, the slave has gone down to the harbor to get food and has discovered that his master, Theopropides, has just returned from abroad:

(Enter TRANIO. During his soliloquy the party continues with no one noticing his presence.)

TRANIO: Great Jupiter has certainly put mind and muscle behind it. I'm through, finished, done for, and so is Philolaches. "Hope"? There's no hope left! "Confidence"? Where? How? Lady Luck herself couldn't save us now, even if she wanted to. What a mountain of misery I saw just a few minutes ago down on the waterfront. Master's home again. "Well, good-bye Tranio!" (To audience) Say, there isn't anybody out there, is there, who'd like to make a quick drachma or two? All he has to do is change places with me for a few hours. Well, come on! Step up! Where are all you "go-ahead-and-hit-me-one-see-if-I-care" boys? All you "stick-me-in-the-front lines-I-can-take-it" fellows? You men who go out to face our enemies for three coppers a day and get ten spears in the belly? Here's six thousand drachmas to the first man to volunteer to take the rap for me! Only one condition: He's got to be double-lashed, hand and foot, to the stake. As soon as that's done, he can demand the money. But I must be losing my grip--standing around here instead of hurrying along home. (Moves on across stage toward the party)

PHILOLACHES: Here comes the food; here it comes! See, Tranio's back from the waterfront.

TRANIO: Philolaches--

PHILOLACHES: Yes? What?

TRANIO: You and--well, you and I--

PHILOLACHES: What about you and me?

TRANIO: We're sunk.

PHILOLACHES: How so?

TRANIO: Your father's home.

PHILOLACHES: What do I hear you saying?

TRANIO: We're done for, I tell you! Your father is home!

PHILOLACHES: Oh, for heaven's sake! Where is he?

TRANIO: Where is he? He's home!

PHILOLACHES: Who told you? Who saw him?

TRANIO: I saw him; I did, I tell you!

PHILOLACHES: Now what do I do? (Starts to take a drink)

TRANIO: Why ask me that? "What do I do?" You're having some drinks, that's what you're doing.

PHILOLACHES: You mean you saw him--you?

TRANIO: Yes, I, I, I saw him.

PHILOLACHES: You're sure?

TRANIO: Yes, I'm sure.

PHILOLACHES: I'm in for it--that is--say, you're not joking, now?

TRANIO: Now just what would be the point of my joking?

PHILOLACHES: What am I going to do?

TRANIO: Well, the first thing to do is to get all this stuff out of here. (Starts to get things together, bumps into CALLIDAMATES) Who's this taking a nap?

PHILOLACHES: That's Callidamates. Delphium, wake him up, will you?

DELPHIUM (shakes him): Callidamates, Callidamates! Wake up!

CALLIDAMATES: I'm awake! Give me a drink. (Drops back)

DELPHIUM: Wake up! Philolaches' father is home!

CALLIDAMATES: How's your father doing?

PHILOLACHES: He's doing all right. I'm the one who's not doing so well. Might as well be dead.

CALLIDAMATES: What do you mean, "swell to be dead"?

PHILOLACHES: Oh, for heaven's sake, get up, will you? My father's coming!

CALLIDAMATES: Your father's coming? Well, tell him to go away again! What's he want to come here for?

PHILOLACHES: What am I going to do? Father will be here any minute now; he'll come in and find me drunk and the house full of strangers and women. It's a wretched business to start digging a well when you're dying of thirst, but that's what I'm doing. My father's home and here I am trying to figure out what to do about it. Oh, my!

TRANIO: (pointing to CALLIDAMATES): Look, he's put his head down and gone to sleep again. Wake him up.

PHILOLACHES: Will you wake up? Father's going to be here any minute now--my father!

CALLIDAMATES: What did you say? Father? Get my shoes! Where's my sword? I'll murder your father!

DELPHIUM: Will you please be quiet?

PHILOLACHES (to slaves): Pick him up and carry him into the house. Hurry! (They carry him toward the house.) (PHILOLACHES sits down on steps, head in hands)

It's no use. I give up.

TRANIO: Oh, cheer up. I'll take care of everything. You've got nothing to worry about.

PHILOLACHES: I can't face it.

TRANIO: Forget it, will you? I've got my plans all made. Everything's going to be all right. When your father gets here, I'll fix him not only so he won't go in the house, but so he'll get away from it as fast as he can. How does that suit you? You people just go on in. Hurry up! Clear out!

PHILOLACHES: Where am I supposed to be?

TRANIO: Where do you want to be? With her and her, that's where.

DELPHIUM: Don't you think maybe we'd better just run along?

TRANIO: No, ma'am. Don't you do it, Delphium. You go on in, fix some drinks, don't let what's going on out here bother you a bit.

PHILOLACHES: I don't know; I don't know. Sounds very simple when you say it, but where's it going to end up? I'm just plain scared.

TRANIO: For heaven's sake, will you stop fussing and do as I tell you?

PHILOLACHES: Well, all right.

TRANIO: Now, first thing: Philematium, you go on in, and you too, Delphium.

DELPHIUM: At your orders, sir! Anything you want, just let us know.

TRANIO (leers): Now that's not a bad idea at all. I think I'd like that! (Pinches DELPHIUM as she goes by; exeunt DELPHIUM and PHILEMATIUM.) No listen: Here's what I want you to do. First of all, make sure that the doors of the house are all locked. Second, see that everybody in the house keeps absolutely quiet.

PHILOLACHES: All right.

TRANIO: And I really mean quiet--just as if there wasn't a living soul in the place.

PHILOLACHES: Sure, sure.

TRANIO: Finally, when your father knocks, nobody--nobody, understand?--is to come to the door.

PHILOLACHES: All right. Anything else?

TRANIO: No--or wait, yes: I'll lock the front door from the outside here. Have somebody in there bring the key out to me, will you?

PHILOLACHES: Yes. Well, here we go. It all depends on you, now, Tranio! (Exit PHILOLACHES into house.)

TRANIO: Depends on me, does it? Well, I expect you'll do your part of it all right. Like master, like slave! The meekest, mildest man in the world can stir up a mess in a minute without any trouble at all. But here's where the work comes in, here's where you really need brains: To take things that have been knocked to pieces and turned into a mess and straighten them all out nice and smooth and without anybody getting hurt. Don't want anybody to get all upset! That's what I'm going to do. We've made a grand mess here, and I'm going to straighten it all out as smooth as silk, and not a one of us is going to get so much as a scratch in the process.
(Enter SPHAERIO from THEOPROPIDES' house.) What are you coming out here for, Sphaerio?

SPHAERIO: Here's the key.

TRANIO: Oh, good. That's right.

SPHAERIO: Philolaches told me to ask you please to be sure and scare his father off somehow. Don't let him come in the house.

TRANIO: Now look, you tell him this: When I get through with his father, he won't dare even look in that direction. He'll be so scared he'll throw his coat over his head and run like mad. Give me the key. Go on in now and shut the door. I'll lock it from out here. (Exit SPHAERIO.) All right! Bring him on! Right here and now, I'm going to stage a show for the old boy that'll beat anything he'll ever see, living or dead. (Withdraws into the space between the two houses) I'll just step back in here where I can keep an eye out for him. Then when he gets here, I'll pin it on him for a fare-you-well, the old devil.

SCENE VI

(Enter THEOPROPIDES, with two slaves carrying his baggage.)

THEOPROPIDES (praying): Holy Neptune, I do give thee most humble and hearty thanks, for thou hast saved me from the perils of the deep. Yes, just did make it. But if I ever so much as put one toe in the water, you have my permission to do to me, right then and there, what you were figuring on doing yesterday. No, sir! From now on, you and I just don't know each other. I put my life in your hands once, but never again!

TRANIO (aside): Neptune, Neptune, Neptune! You made a big mistake. What a chance you had--and you let it go by!

THEOPROPIDES: Three years in Egypt! Home at last! I bet they'll be glad to see me.

TRANIO (aside): They'd have been a whole lot gladder to see somebody bringing word of your death.

THEOPROPIDES (tries door): H'm! That's funny. The door's locked. I wonder why? Middle of the day, too. Well, I'll knock. Hello! Anybody home? Open the door, will you?

TRANIO (steps out of hiding): Who's that going up to our house?

THEOPROPIDES (turns, sees TRANIO): Well, well, it's my slave, Tranio.

TRANIO: Theopropides, sir, how do you do? I'm glad to see you back. Did you get along all right while you were away?

THEOPROPIDES: Yes, all right up to now, as you can see.

TRANIO: Well, fine, fine!

THEOPROPIDES: What about you people? Have you all lost your minds?

TRANIO: Lost our minds? What do you mean?

THEOPROPIDES: Well, look at you--walking around in the street, no a soul on duty in the house, nobody coming to the door, nobody answering when I knocked. Pounded so hard I nearly broke the door down, too.

TRANIO: Oh, my; you mean to sayyou touched the house?

THEOPROPIDES: Well, why shouldn't I touch it? Touch it? I pounded on it! I nearly broke the door down, I tell you.

TRANIO: You . . . you touch . . . touched it?

THEOPROPIDES: Yes, I touched it, I tell you. I touched it and I pounded on the door.

TRANIO: Oh, brother!

THEOPROPIDES: What's the matter?

TRANIO: You shouldn't have done that.

THEOPROPIDES: Now what's this all about?

TRANIO: I just can't tell you what an awful, terrible thing you've done.

THEOPROPIDES: What? What are you talking about?

TRANIO: Please, sir, come away quick; get away from the house. No, come over here, sir; come over by me, You--you did--touch--the door? (THEOPROPIDES moves to TRANIO; the two slaves remain by door.)

THEOPROPIDES: Now how could I pound on it without touching it?

TRANIO: Oh, this is terrible! You've killed them!

THEOPROPIDES: Killed who?

TRANIO: Your son and all the rest.

THEOPROPIDES: Don't say things like that, you idiot!

TRANIO: I'm worried. I don't know whether you can get yourself and the rest of them out of this one or not.

THEOPROPIDES: What do you mean? What's this crazy business all of a sudden?

TRANIO: Say, you'd better tell those fellows to get away from there, too, sir.

THEOPROPIDES (to slaves): Come on over here, you two.

TRANIO (to slaves): Don't touch the house, boys. Oh, my, to think that you touched it, too!

THEOPROPIDES: Well, for heaven's sake, why shouldn't they touch it?

TRANIO: Nobody has so much as set foot inside that house for seven months, sir. Not since we moved out.

THEOPROPIDES: Moved out? Seven months? Speak up! What's this all about?

TRANIO: Will you take a good look around, sir, and make sure nobody's listening in on what we're saying?

THEOPROPIDES: Oh, it's perfectly safe.

TRANIO: Will you take a look anyway, sir?

THEOPROPIDES: There's nobody here. Now, let's have it.

TRANIO: A crime was committed in that house, a bloody, bloody crime.

THEOPROPIDES: Crime? What crime? I don't know what you're talking about.

TRANIO: I'm telling you: A crime was committed there a long, long time ago; many, many years ago.

THEOPROPIDES: Many, many years ago?

TRANIO: That's right. And we just found out about it, less than a year ago.

THEOPROPIDES: What sort of crime was it? Who committed it? Tell me!

TRANIO: A man who was staying there as a guest was murdered in cold blood by the man who owned the house--I imagine it was the man who sold you the place.

THEOPROPIDES: M-m-murdered?

TRANIO: Yes. And the owner took all the man's money and buried him--just think, a poor stranger--buried him right under the house.

THEOPROPIDES: Just how did you get wind of anything like this?

TRANIO: I'm coming to that. Just pay attention. One evening your son had gone out to dinner. After he got home, we all went off to bed. Everybody went to sleep. It so happened that I had forgotten to blow out the lamp. I was getting up to take care of it, when all at once he--screamed!

THEOPROPIDES: Who did? My son?

TRANIO: Yes--but ssh! Be quiet! Listen, will you? He said he'd just dreamed that the murdered man was walking toward him.

THEOPROPIDES: Oh. You mean it was just a dream. Well!

TRANIO: Yes, it was a dream. But listen! He said that the murdered man spoke to him and said--

THEOPROPIDES: Oh, yes, yes. In a dream, right?

TRANIO: I suppose you think he ought to have spoken to him when he was awake--a man who had been murdered sixty years before! You'll pardon me, sir, but sometimes you don't seem awfully bright.

THEOPROPIDES: All right, all right. I won't say anything more.

TRANIO: Nowhere, sir, is what the murdered man said to your son in his dream: "I am a stranger from far across the sea. My name is Diapontius. I live here. This house has been assigned to me.

Orcus wouldn't allow me to enter Acheron, because I died before my time. I trusted a man, and that's what brought me to this. My host murdered me here and buried me without funeral rites, before anybody found out, right here under the house. The villain did it for the money I carried. Now, you--you move out of here! This house has a curse on it! Nobody may live here!" The queer things that have been going around here, it would take hours to tell about them. (The door rattles; he hisses to those inside.) Ssh! Ssh!

THEOPROPIDES: For heaven's sake, what happened?

TRANIO: The door rattled. (Pretends to address ghost, points to THEOPROPIDES) He did it; he was the one who knocked!

THEOPROPIDES: Oh, my heart! I feel faint! The ghosts are going to grab me and drag me down to hell!

TRANIO (aside): Those fools! They'll spoil my act yet. I don't want the old boy to catch me at it.

THEOPROPIDES: What are you muttering to yourself?

TRANIO: Come away from the house! Come on, quick, please, sir!

THEOPROPIDES: Where am I supposed to go? Why don't you go, too?

TRANIO: I have nothing to be afraid of. I haven't done anything to disturb the ghosts.

VOICE (from within, whispers): Hey! Tranio!

TRANIO (whispers): Don't call me! Haven't you any sense? (Aloud, as if to ghost) I didn't do anything. I didn't knock on the door.

VOICE (whispers): Listen, please.

TRANIO (whispers): Shut up, will you!

THEOPROPIDES: Now wait a minute. Who are you talking to over there?

TRANIO (whispers): Go away!

THEOPROPIDES: Are you crazy, Tranio? Who are you talking to?

TRANIO (to THEOPROPIDES): Oh, excuse me. Did you speak to me? Well, for heaven's sake! I thought it was that murdered man complaining because you banged on the door. Look, sir; are you still here? Why aren't you doing what I told you to?

THEOPROPIDES: Doing? Doing what?

TRANIO: Don't look behind you! Get out of here! Throw your coat over your head!

THEOPROPIDES: Why aren't you getting out, too?

TRANIO: I haven't done anything to disturb the ghosts.

THEOPROPIDES: Oh, is that so? What about a few minutes ago? What were you so scared of then?

TRANIO: Don't worry about me, sir. I'll take care of myself. You go on, now! Get out of here as quick as you can! Say a prayer to Hercules!

THEOPROPIDES (praying): Holy Hercules, I offer my prayer unto thee--
(Exit, followed by the two slaves.)

TRANIO: Yes, and so do I--for a nice big piece of bad luck for you, you old fool. Great gods in heaven! That was really close! (Exit into THEOPROPIDES' house.)

Discussion

1. How does the son react to the news that his father has come home?

2. How does Callidamates contribute to the boisterous, slap-stick nature of the play?

3. What is the story that Tranio concocts to keep Theopropides away from the house?

4. What is Tranio's attitude toward the old father? How does the poet reveal that attitude?

C. Included in a volume of "Peace Plays," edited by A. P. Sanford, is a play entitled Minerva Makes A Suggestion. The play has no great dramatic force, but it is interesting, easily staged, and timely.

Characters in Prologue: (Same in Epilogue with the exception of Mars.)

Venus	Jupiter
Bacchus	Juno
Diana	Neptune
Apollo	Hebe
Mars	Minerva

Characters in Play:

General
Maizie) His nieces
Daisy)
Strut) Lieutenants in Army
Swagger)
Ace, Captain in Air Force
Midshipman Lake, of the Naval Academy

MINERVA MAKES A SUGGESTION

The costumes of the gods and goddesses are of long white drapery with the exception of DIANA, MARS, BACCHUS, and NEPTUNE, whose draperies are shorter. All wear sandals. Each is accompanied by his special attribute. DIANA bears a bow and has a quiver of arrows across her shoulder. JUPITER has his thunderbolts. NEPTUNE a trident and net. BACCHUS a bunch of grapes and a wreath of vine leaves in his hair. APOLLO a lyre. VENUS a pair of doves, JUNO a peacock, or if this is difficult, she may carry a fan of peacock feathers and wear some of the feathers in her hair. MINERVA wears a helmet and carries an owl and a long spear. HEBE has a tray with bottles of beer in prologue and an elaborate flagon in the epilogue.

JUPITER, NEPTUNE, MARS, and BACCHUS wear full beards. APOLLO is clean shaven. Both VENUS and JUNO have elaborate coiffures. DIANA may have her hair bobbed or wear it flat to her head. The hair of HEBE is simply dressed. MARS may be made as warlike as desired, hung with various armaments. He should be the god of the cartoons rather than of antiquity.

In the play the costume of the GENERAL may be as elaborate or as elegant as is desired. He is of no country in particular. The costumes of the other men should be as grotesque as possible. MAIZIE and DAISY are modishly gowned, in decidedly contrasting colors.

Prologue

The scene is laid in the home of the gods on Mount Olympus. The back drop, wings and floor should be sky blue. Seats are placed here and there draped in white to represent clouds. At left are two large seats which are the thrones of JUPITER and JUNO. On right is large white couch on which VENUS is discovered when the curtain rises, making up her face with a very modern vanity box. While she is thus employed BACCHUS enters. He is a red-faced rowdy looking god with long hair. VENUS has one of her doves perched on her shoulder.

BACCHUS: Hello, Venus. Always working for beauty, my dear? (Sinks down on a seat.) I am tired. I've had a busy day.

VENUS: (She speaks languidly.) Really, Bacchus, I should think with the United States off your list you would be almost idle.

BACCHUS. It's not off my list. I'm off its list. Humph! If you ever thought of anything besides petting and your appearance, you would know that it is because the United States is dry that I'm so busy. It used to be that I could attend to my business at a few wineries and distilleries. Now I must stop at every farm house and even look in at the apartments. (Enter DIANA) Hello, Huntress!

DIANA: Hello, Bacchus. How you can keep fussing with that lipstick, Venus, is more than I can see. If you would take some exercise occasionally, you wouldn't need it. (Sinks on a seat.) Something must be done about Mars!

VENUS: What's wrong with Mars?

DIANA: (indignantly.) What's wrong! What's right, rather! He is so overbearing and he swaggers around Olympus as if he were the head god. I should think Jupiter would do something about it. The adulation he is getting in the crazy world has gone to his head.

VENUS: I don't think he's any worse than Jupiter. They're both bullies.

BACCHUS: I'd rather have Jupiter in command myself. At least he has brains.

(Enter APOLLO.)

APOLLO: (Very debonair.) How's everybody? I've been looking for an audience. I want you to hear my new military march. (Takes his lyre and prepares to play.)

DIANA: I'm tired of your continual martial music. You've evidently forgotten how to play a hunting song.

VENUS: Or a love song.

BACCHUS: Or a good stirring drinking song!

(Enter MARS with a swagger. He seats himself on the throne of JUPITER before noticing the gods.)

MARS: Well! How are the little gods and goddesses? Looking well.

DIANA: You'd better get out of that seat, Mars, before Jupiter sees you. You may think you are the whole thing on earth, but on Olympus Jupiter still rules and he is not patient. (A mutter of thunder is heard.) He's coming now.

MARS: (Not moving.) Jupiter's lost his grip. I told him he would when he let people make use of his thunderbolts. He has no standing any more.

(At this point another roll of thunder is heard and JUPITER enters. He is a majestic god with long curling hair. He scowls at MARS who rises insolently and moves slowly to another seat.)

JUPITER: Do you dare to sit on the high throne of Olympus, Mars! (He shakes his thunderbolts and thunder is heard. MARS smiles superciliously as a great crash follows it.)

MARS: You hear? That was one of my bombs. Your thunder is rather soft in comparison. Down on the earth they don't know you're still here. I'm the only god for them.

(JUPITER sits on his throne with a scowl. JUNO enters. She is very haughty, as she nods to the gods and goddesses and seats herself majestically on the throne beside JUPITER.)

JUNO: Really, Mars, you're insufferable. Venus is just as bad. Helping you all she can. The Wanton!

VENUS: (Glancing up from her mirror.) My dear--you belong in the days of Victoria. Marriage is becoming passe. It's really not done any more--at least not for long. People love, or they don't, but they want no interference from you. (Rises, languidly.) I'm going to the Elysian Fields and pluck some asphodels for my hair. (She starts to stroll out as MARS rises.)

MARS: Wait. I'm going too. I've got more work for Vulcan. I've got enough new engines of war to keep him busy for an age. (Glancing about at the rest.) We seem to be the only gods who have any real work to do nowadays. (To Jupiter.) Hold your court here, Jupiter, as long as you can. It's the only place you rule.

(Exit MARS and VENUS.)

DIANA: (Indignantly.) He is unbearable, Jupiter. Can you do nothing?

JUPITER: (Shaking his head.) I've tried. But you must see how he's weakened my thunderbolts. Something MUST be done, but what!

(Enter NEPTUNE)

NEPTUNE: Hello, everybody! Jupiter, can't something be done with Mars? I can't stand him much longer. He has about put me out of business. I used to have ships--lovely ships--to carry about, ships which were a pleasure to look at. Now they're gone. He makes me carry his old vessels which look like crazy quilts, and which have driven every decent looking boat off the waves. I am filled with mines and bombs until I ache from head to foot. We gods must do something! We can't take this thing sitting down!

JUPITER: I know, Neptune, I know.

APOLLO: Let me play you my new military march. Music has charms to soothe--

DIANA: Not military music. That never soothed any one. A good hunting song perhaps--

BACCHUS: Or a drinking song. I want a good old-fashioned ale--

JUNO: (Interrupting.) You are as bad as Mars, Apollo. You and Venus aid and abet him at every turn. You have every Muse working for him. Military games, tales of war, pictures of battles--every Muse is in line for Mars. I should think you'd be ashamed!

APOLLO: We aim to please. One must supply the demand. It's what people in the world want. You can't blame us.

JUPITER: We DO blame you! (Calls.) Hebe!

(Enter HEBE carrying a tray with bottles and glasses on it.)

HEBE: Did some one call?

JUPITER: I did. I want a drink.

HEBE: Near beer?

JUPITER: (Shaking his thunderbolts to which a mutter of thunder makes reply.) No! I want champagne nectar and some ambrosia sandwiches.

BACCHUS: Make it two.

DIANA: Why not bring some for every one.

HEBE: I'm sorry. I have only near beer. Mars took the last supply of champagne nectar this morning. More is brewing but it's not ready yet.

JUPITER: (Angrily shaking his thunderbolts with thunder accompaniment.) Near beer! How can the ichor flow in my veins on near beer! Oh, well--(Seeing HEBE standing with bottle ready to pour it out.) If it's all you've got. Near beer all round.

BACCHUS. Not for me. I can get better than that on earth.

(The others accept the near beer, however, and HEBE fills up glasses for all but BACCHUS.)

JUPITER: I wish Minerva would come. She is the only god with sense.

JUNO: Minerva! You're simply hipped on that girl. Just because she is entirely your own product you think she's the only real goddess on Olympus.

JUPITER: You've always been jealous of Minerva, Juno, and it's very catty of you. She is the only person on Olympus who has any real sense, and who thinks of any one's affairs but her own. I have a right to be proud of her and if she can't make some suggestion as to what to do about Mars I might as well abdicate at once. Here she comes!

(Enter MINERVA.) My daughter! I was just wishing for you. We are in great trouble.

MINERVA: Sorry to hear that, Father. How are the Olympians this morning! You do all look rather down in the mouth.

DIANA. We are. It's that Mars affair, Minerva.

APOLLO: I offered to cheer them up but they'll have none of my music. I can offer nothing more.

MINERVA: Did you offer a call to arms or a dirge?

APOLLO: Neither. I offered a stirring military march.

MINERVA: (Scornfully) You would!

NEPTUNE: He has taken all my ships of peace and makes me carry ugly old war vessels.

BACCHUS: He hogs the whole works. He's taken all the champagne nectar.

JUPITER: My daughter, what is your advice? His cannon are louder than my thunder. He is the only busy god on the mountain.

MINERVA: (Looking around.) Where's Mercury?

JUNO: Off on some errand for Mars, of course. I've tried all week to get him to run down to Delphi for me, but Mars always has him dated up.

MINERVA: Well--I'm sorry for you, of course, but you're all to blame. You've let Mars take everything for his own use.

JUPITER: I still have my thunderbolts. (Rattles them a little. Thunder is heard.)

MINERVA: (Scornfully) Your thunderbolts! Why you let the people on earth use them for everything. Mars uses them. They send his messages, they drive his automobiles and lorries, they fire his cannon and his bombs, they light up his battlefields, they help run the machinery to make his guns. You can hardly call them YOUR thunderbolts any longer!

JUPITER: (Sulkily.) They still don't know just what they are.

MINERVA: True. But they will if you give them time. Apollo and his Muses help him. Venus has always helped him. You've got to all pull together if you're going to put him in his place. He has made Olympus unbearable with his bullying ways. Pluto has always been on his side for he fills up Hades. You gods might as well all go there, too, unless you can get busy and do something.

JUPITER: We agree, my daughter, we agree, but the question is, what is to be done? Can't you make a suggestion?

MINERVA: (Thoughtfully.) I might. I've been expecting it would come to this and I've been thinking about the matter. Mars is a bully. A big overpowering bully, and there is just one way to conquer him.

ALTOGETHER: (Eagerly.) Yes?

MINERVA: You can't fight him with his own weapons. Once Jupiter let men have his thunderbolts, he put that out of the question. As I say, there is just one way.

ALL: (Impatiently.) We know. But WHAT way?

MINERVA: Apollo must desert him. No more beautiful uniforms or martial music. The Muses must desert him. No more stories of war heroes, no more war medals, no more adulation of the fighting man. Neptune must refuse to carry his ships. Diana and Juno must work for purity of mind and body. Bacchus must desert him. He has been helping him too.

BACCHUS: (Sulkily.) I never did.

MINERVA: (Apparently unmindful of the interruption.) That will all help, but it is not enough. We must make people laugh at him. Make him ridiculous. No bully can stand it. They've already made a start in the world, but they don't know it. Once poets and painters waxed eloquent over battle ships--but who does that now? Not even Apollo could write a poem to a crazy quilt. Show them how to go on with the good work and Mars will cease to swagger. If you can do that Jupiter will rule again. Will you try it?

(All the gods and goddesses rise and raise their right hands.)

IN CONCERT: We will! Down with Mars! Hurrah for Minerva!

MINERVA: (Unmoved.) Get to work then. We'll meet again--later.

CURTAIN

The Play

SCENE: The garden at the home of a General. Back drop same as before. The carpet is now green. A row of green bushes stretches across stage at back. A garden umbrella with table and three or four garden chairs are in center of stage. As curtain rises GENERAL is discovered examining some papers which are evidently specifications of some sort. He has a perplexed air. He has no sense of humor and during the play is continually torn between his loyalty to red tape and the powers that be, and his feeling that they have made a terrible mistake.

Enter DAISY and MAIZIE. The GENERAL rises to greet them.

GENERAL: Here you are, at last, my dears.

MAIZIE: Yes, Uncle. Have we kept you waiting?

GENERAL: Oh, no. (Pointing to papers.) I have been quite occupied.

DAISY: (Adoringly.) What a wonderful uniform! We just adore uniforms, don't we, Maizie?

MAIZIE: Indeed we do!

GENERAL: (Strutting a bit.) I like it myself. So well fitting. Sets off a man's figure, you know.

DAISY: It makes you so handsome.

GENERAL: (Parading and settling his tunic.) I think it does--ah--ah--add to a man's own--ah--charm.

MAIZIE: Oh, Uncle! It's wonderful!

GENERAL: (Catching sight of papers again.) Er--sit down, my dears. I am just expecting young Lieutenants Strutt and Swagger to come and show me their new uniforms just obtained from the War Office.

DAISY: Oh, Uncle! Two young men in uniform! How splendid!

MAIZIE: Will they stay for the garden party?

GENERAL: (Still looking puzzled at the papers in his hands.) Er--I suppose so. I--think so. But you see this new uniform is different--quite different. War is a serious business, my dears, and the War Office has decided to issue a new uniform in keeping with that fact. They have made many changes. No more bands, no more medals--

DAISY: No medals?

MAIZIE: No bands?

GENERAL: No. The War Office has decided that bands are frivolous--no real use. One can neither kill a man nor protect him with a band. And as for medals--(Looking at his papers.) medals make invidious distinctions. Every man is expected to behave as if he were worthy of a medal. Those who are not worthy of a medal will be--(Hunting through the papers.)--oh, yes, here it is,--will be dropped from the army. Swagger will wear the winter uniform and Strutt will wear the summer one. I'm rather afraid you'll not like them, my dears.

MAIZIE AND DAISY: Oh, but we will. We love uniforms!

GENERAL: Well, I hope so. I hope so indeed. I hope every one will like them. Ah, here comes Strutt now.

(Salutes as STRUTT enters. STRUTT wears shorts of canvas, one leg blue and one green. A short sleeved shirt of same material zigzagged with various colors, with an open neck and a hugh yellow L painted conspicuously on back and front. It is held in with a leather belt. He has heavy shoes and golf stockings. On his head is a helmet like an inverted basin with a huge plume of branches and green leaves surmounting it. He wears large ugly goggles. He has rather a hang dog air. The two girls gasp and even the GENERAL exhibits some consternation.)

STRUTT: (Saluting GENERAL and turning to the girls.) Good afternoon, ladies. This is the new summer uniform for the army. I hope you like it. I don't care for it particularly myself, but it doesn't make much difference. I handed in my resignation as soon as I put it on. I feel a man has better things to do than strutting about in a handsome uniform. My Uncle in Alberta needs a farm hand and I feel I ought to help him. I'm going to drive a tractor.

DAISY. But--but this can't be the uniform. Every one won't look like this?

GENERAL: (To the rescue.) Yes. This is the regulation uniform for summer. You see war being, as I said, a serious affair, the War Office felt they should go in for comfort, combined with economy and safety. Everything is camouflage, you know, and this uniform would never be noticed on a field. The hat in particular--

MAIZIE: I'll say it would be noticed anywhere else! It's terrible! I wouldn't be seen up an alley with any one wearing it.

DAISY: And it's not always hot in summer. Suppose it should rain.

STRUTT: (Producing a long black rain coat with large yellow L on it back and front.) This is what is provided for bad weather. (Puts it on and walks about.) Pretty frightful? Eh? What?

(Enter SWAGGER. His uniform has plus fours of two colors as the shorts. The plus fours are fastened well below the knee and are met by high heavy shoes. His long-sleeved shirt is like the summer one only of heavy coarse woolen material. Same yellow L. Belt as before. His helmet has a tangle of bare branches in place of the plum of foliage. He too wears goggles. He salutes GENERAL then turns to the girls.)

SWAGGER: Good afternoon. (Turns about.) The winter uniform for fighting men. I don't care much for the outfit myself, but I'll not wear it long. I'm going into business--milling for mine. There's money in it and a man may wear what he pleases.

GENERAL: (Trying to approve and feeling the plus fours.) Excellent. Ease of movement combined with great warmth. And you have an extra coat?

SWAGGER. Producing a long overcoat made of checked material such as is used in the mackinaws worn by lumbermen. A conspicuous black L is on back and front.) Here it is. Warm and handsome. If that's your taste.

GENERAL: Buy why the goggles? I didn't notice them in the regulations.

SWAGGER: Oh, the War Office says eyes must be protected and this is the best way. Unbreakable glass and all that sort of thing, you know.

MAIZIE: (Shuddering) I don't wonder you're leaving the army. What do the common soldiers wear?

SWAGGER: Just what we do. War Office says every man at the front needs the same sort of clothing. Comfort, camouflage and economy! That's the password.

DAISY: But if they all wear the same clothes how can you tell an officerfrom a private?

STRUTT: (Indicating the L.) By these letters. L for Lieutenant, C for Captain, M for Major, CO for Colonel and G for General. They can pick them out back or front.

GENERAL: (Much worried.) I-I'm afraid the War Office has gone a bit too far, trying to save a paltry billion a year. This will be hard on the army.

SWAGGER: They say the soldiers have already begun to desert. There are hardly enough left in the ranks to form a posse to hunt down the deserters.

MAIZIE: (In consternation.) But all the neatness--the style--the air of the uniform-- That's gone.

GENERAL: (Consulting papers.) Quite right. It is treated here. (Reads.) "War being a serious affair, needing a man's whole attention, it has been decided to do away with the niceties of the former uniform and simply insist on utility. No man in the army shall appear in mufti except in his coffin." (The girls shudder.)

SWAGGER: That's why I'm leaving.

STRUTT: I'm glad they had sense enough to see that no man would be buried in a get-up like this.

GENERAL: (Still reading.) "The uniform, being camouflaged, makes it far safer, and any soldier should be proud to appear in it, as it shows the world that he is always ready for active warfare."

SWAGGER: Or for a lunatic asylum. I'll soon be out of it.

DAISY: (Looking longingly at the uniform of the GENERAL.) But this lovely uniform? What will happen to that?

GENERAL: (Complacently.) Oh, this will be worn by those in command. Those who take no active part in war. All desk officers will continue to wear this.

MAIZIE: What will the Navy wear?

GENERAL: Oh, the Navy. Their uniform is more noticeable. It is a harlequin affair matching the battle ships. It is rather clumsy as they must always wear a life preserver and the hat is trimmed with seaweed--not real seaweed, of course, but an excellent imitation.

(Enter CAPTAIN ACE. He salutes the GENERAL and the two LIEUTENANTS.)

ACE: General! Captain Ace of the Air Force. (CAPTAIN ACE wears a short coat of pale blue eider down flannel with blobs of white sewed on it to represent clouds. He has plain blue overalls fastened at the ankles with bicycle clips. His hat is a clumsy affair fastened with straps which go under the arms.)

GENERAL: Oh, yes, Captain Ace. Delighted to see you, Sir. Let me present you to my nieces. (ACE and the girls acknowledge the introduction.) I think you know Lieutenants Strutt and Swagger.

ACE: I have the pleasure. (He bursts into a guffaw as he looks at them.) You'll make short work of the enemy. They'll die laughing.

SWAGGER: Not if they see you first. They'll have already died of it.

GENERAL: Gentlemen! Gentlemen!

ACE: General, this is what was handed out to me as the new uniform of the Air Force. I protest against it! I'd be ashamed to be seen with this in a cloud bank, let alone on the street.

GENERAL: (Consulting papers as he examines the uniform.) The new hat, I see. Very ingenious.

ACE: Very. A folded parachute which saves a hat!

GENERAL: Exactly. The War Office is always for economy. (Reads.) "This device has been adopted as it saves the price of a hat, it being understood that a man does not need a hat while descending in a parachute." Very wise, don't you think?

MAIZIE: Very ugly.

ACE: Is this uniform seriously adopted?

GENERAL: (Again consulting papers as if to make sure all is in order.) Yes. That is the uniform. Trousers not showing, simple denim overalls have been deemed sufficient.

ACE: (Angrily.) Very well. If I can get safely through the jeering mob which is waiting for me outside, I shall take my plane to the airport and apply for a mail route. Goodday. (He salutes, wheels and exits.)

DAISY: The submarine officers are the only ones left.

GENERAL: Oh, they wear overalls continually. They are not supposed to be seen much.

SWAGGER: And I understand that they are all staying in their berths until their resignations are acted on. I don't blame them. An officer can hardly appear on the street in overalls.

MAIZIE: Then the only ones left for Daisy and me are the cadets and the midshipmen.

(A stir at the side is heard and a young man rushes in. He is dressed in a convict's uniform without a hat, and the stripes which run horizontally about his tunic and trousers are scarlet and black. He pauses at the sight of the company.)

MIDSHIPMAN LAKE: I beg your pardon, sir, I thought you were alone. (Salutes GENERAL and OFFICERS.)

GENERAL: My nieces. Lieutenants Swagger and Strutt.

LAKE: Midshipman Lake, sir.

GENERAL: Ah, yes. Midshipman Lake.

LAKE: Yes, I'm Midshipman Lake and I want to know if this is a joke or is it really the new cadet and midshipman uniform?

GENERAL: (Consulting notes and scanning the costume of the young man.) Quite correct. Easy and loose. Conspicuous; with scarlet for Mars and black--alas--black, because in these days of up-to-date warfare--a young officer's days are numbered. On the back an N for the Navy. (LAKE turns showing large black N.) That's right. If you had been a cadet it would have been an A. (Cheerfully.) Comfortable, don't you think?

LAKE: It may be comfortable, but it looks like the devil!

GENERAL: You forget yourself, sir!

LAKE: (Angrily.) I do not! No one could forget himself in this rig. I believe I always did want to go to an Agricultural College and now I'm going. (He turns and abruptly exits.)

SWAGGER: Ye Gods!

STRUTT: Exactly. Ye Gods! And I understand that the navy hasn't enough men left to run its ships.

MAZIE: But if the army and the navy are all deserting, they'll surely change the uniforms.

GENERAL: Not at once. They must try them out first. Besides, you must realize, my dears, that it takes time to get any change through both Army and Navy offices. I'm afraid our offensive and defensive forces will be a bit demoralized before that can be done. And it only saves a billion a year. I very much fear they have gone too far in the matter.

DAISY: But, Uncle, what made them do this?

GENERAL: (Discouraged.) The gods alone know, my dears.

SWAGGER: They've given Mars a black eye. That's certain.

STRUTT: That's so. For every country's trying it. They say it is to save men and make war easier and cheaper. I think it makes it funnier. Come on Swagger. Let's hide somewhere until we get our discharge papers. (They salute and turn to leave as curtain falls.)

CURTAIN

Epilogue

Scene is same as for the Prologue, with VENUS discovered as before. Enter JUNO.

JUNO: Still giving yourself a facial, my dear? Well--Mars is in no condition to notice it.

VENUS: There are other gods than Mars.

BACCHUS: (Just entering.) I am glad you realize that at last. You didn't use to think so. Suppose you let me give you a whirl?

VENUS: Just because Mars is hors de combat I don't have to take up with the first god that comes along!

BACCHUS: (Laughing) Touché! Well, Minerva certainly put it all over that bully. How the world laughed! I helped them. I helped make them laugh.

JUNO: Thank you for sending me Cupid, Venus. I think he'll make an excellent page if you'll keep your hands off him.

VENUS: I found him incorrigible. Do what you can with him. You have my permission. That's why I sent him to you.

(Loud thunder is heard as JUPITER enters shaking his thunderbolts. He is followed by MINERVA.)

JUPITER: Good! They haven't worked so well since Mars began to run things up here.

MINERVA: How is Mars?

VENUS: Aesculapius and Hygeia are working with him, but he is very low. I just left Vulcan resting on a cloud. Mars has worked him nearly to death. I told him he must rest, but he says he is so far behind with peace machinery that he can't be idle long. Mars nearly killed him keeping him on those heavy cannon.

MINERVA: That't the first thing you've ever said that showed you had an idea behind your beauty. Yet I always felt no one could be as big a fool as you look.

VENUS: Really--dear? I only wish I could say that your face was at all commensurate with your wisdom.

JUPITER: Silence, miss! Beauty shall not sneer at wisdom on Olympus.

VENUS: She started it. Conceited prig!

MINERVA: Silly fool!

APOLLO: (Entering as last speeches are made.) Ladies! Ladies! Let me play to you. A love song.

DIANA: (Entering.) Why not a hunting song?

BACCHUS: Or a good rousing drinking song?

JUPITER: That reminds me. (Calls.) Hebe! (Enter HEBE bearing an ornate flagon and glasses on a tray.) Drinks all round, Hebe.

HEBE: Champagne nectar?

JUPITER: You said it. Champagne nectar and plenty of it. (Assisted by BACCHUS she serves all the gods as NEPTUNE enters.) Just in time for a drink, Neptune.

NEPTUNE: Just a small one, then, for I'm the busiest god on the Mount. Since Mars has been laid up I have so many ships to carry I haven't a minute to myself. I've gotten rid of all the bombs and mines and am beginning to feel like a new god again. (Quaffs his nectar.) To the illness of Mars!

ALL: (Rise.) To the illness of Mars!

BACCHUS: Pan is busy, too. I tried to get him to come up today, but he said with Mars out of the way, he simply can't leave his office in the forest.

VENUS: (Rising) I believe I'll go down and help him.

DIANA. (Gently pushing her back on the couch.) I'll do all the helping he needs. You'd better stay right where you are.

JUNO: She's fairly safe anywhere so long as I have Cupid.

NEPTUNE: Farewell. See you all again. (Exits.)

APOLLO: Do they think Mars will die?

JUPITER: Oh, no, but he'll never be the same again. He's on a strict diet. One rasher of ambrosia a day, only one spoonful of weak nectar, and no exercise except a short walk in the Elysian Fields. Aesculapius says he has high blood pressure and he can never again go on an ordinary diet. As a god, he's through!

MINERVA: I hope he's learned his lesson.

JUPITER: He should have. Listen to this. (He shakes his thunderbolts and a loud peal is heard.) The loudest sound in the universe now.

JUNO: Minerva, I must hand it to you. You DID make a suggestion. Even Mercury is off on an errand for me this moment.

MINERVA: I told you it was only a suggestion, but you all carried it out and it worked. Ridicule is a better weapon than arms.

JUPITER: Better than anything but thunderbolts.

MINERVA: Better even than thunderbolts, Father. Don't put too much faith in them. Mars had them licked, you know.

JUPITER: I know. But I command them again. (He rattles them again and thunder rolls.)

MINERVA: (Smiling good-humoredly as at a child with a toy.) You forget that men USE them. You only play with them.

DIANA: However, Mars is down and Jupiter reigns again on Olympus.

BACCHUS: (Rising to his feet.) Jupiter reigns! Fill you glasses and drink to Jove upon the throne again!

(All rise except JUPITER and drink to him. Then JUPITER rises and proposes the toast.)

JUPITER: To Minerva! Who put him there!

(Amid the huzzas of the gods the curtain falls.)

CURTAIN

Discussion

1. What do you learn about the nature of each of the deities who are portrayed?

2. How does the playwright make the general a ridiculous figure?

3. How do the two girls feel about the new uniforms for the men in the armed services?

4. What do Minerva's lines, "Ridicule is a better weapon than arms," tell you about the playwright's intent? How true a statement is this?

UNIT VI

TO SEEK A NEWER WORLD

From earliest times men have been discontent, puzzled, curious and lonely. These feelings are not unique with those of us who would seek a newer world. The hope that accompanies these feelings leads us to keep on trying, to keep on solving, and to keep on wanting to improve man's lot on earth.

The poets of the world have expressed their common feelings.

A. Asclepiades of Samos wrote in the third century B. C.:

> Snow and hail and flash and gloom --
> darken the earth in storm!
> Until your thunders bring my doom
> I never shall conform,
> but in the face of yet worse odds
> hail Love with wine and song,
> for he is strong among the gods
> who now drags me along --
> my master now who once was yours,
> when, Zeus, at his persuasion,
> you sought your love through brazen doors --
> a glittering invasion.
>
> (Translated by William and Mary Wallace)

Discussion

1. In what way will the poet refuse to conform?

2. What myth concerning Zeus is referred to in the poem?

3. Would you agree with the poet in his opinion that Love is the most powerful of the gods? What kind of power does love have today. How is it related to the peace movement?

B. Horace, one of the most-admired of the Roman poets, lived in the stirring age when old systems had collapsed and a new regime was picking up the pieces after a heart-breaking civil war. Disorder, corruption and moral decay were prevalent, and through it all Horace moved as a man in the world but not of it. His chief characteristic was his sturdy independent spirit, and yet he had a real warmth and regard for the Roman people he knew so well. Temperate and tranquil, tolerant and genial, Horace was a gentle teacher and a master-poet.

> Live so that you tempt not the sea relentless,
> Neither press too close on the shore forbidding;
> Flee extremes, and choose thou the mean all golden,
> Treasure all priceless.
>
> Safe, you dread not poverty's hut repellent;
> Wise, you seek not mansions that men may envy;
> All secure, protected by moderation,
> Fate cannot harm you.

Tallest pines are soon by the storm blasts shattered,
Turrets high may fall with the loudest clamor,
Tow'ring peaks are seared by the lightning's fury,
Dangerous, earth's summits.

Lighten grief with hopes of a brighter morrow;
Temper joy, in fear of a change of fortune;
Bear the winters, knowing, despite their fury,
Jove will recall them.

If today, misfortune besiege thy pathway,
Still the future beckons a smiling promise;
Soon Apollo leaving his arrows dreaded
Makes the Muse tuneful.

Thus in stormy days be of heart courageous
And, when waves are calm, and the danger over,
Wise man, trim your sails when a gale too prosp'rous
Swells out the canvas.

(Translated by Margaret M. Fitzgerald)

Discussion

1. What metaphor does Horace use to describe life?

2. What advice does he offer?

3. Why does he say that Fate cannot harm you if you are protected by moderation?

4. What is the tone of this poem? Is it sad? Is it happy?

5. What application can you make for contemporary life?

C. There are many modern poets whom we could turn to for the same theme, but there is one classic poem, based upon a classical theme, whose moral we might profit from. In the words of the hero of the Trojan war, Ulysses, Alfred, Lord Tennyson urges us "to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

ULYSSES

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel; I will drink
Life to the lees. All times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vexed the dim sea. I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known--cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honoured of them all--

And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untraveled world whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life! Life piled on life
Were all to little, and of one to me
Little remains; but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this grey spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
  This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the scepter and the isle--
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfill
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and through soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centered in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
  There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail;
There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me--
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads--you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil.
Death closes all; but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Though much is taken, much abides; and though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are--
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.